WILLIAM ANDREW LEONARD

A BELOVED PRELATE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

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BY

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CANON OF TRINITY CATHEDRAL
CLEVELAND

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE RIGHT REVEREND
WARREN LINCOLN ROGERS
BISHOP OF OHIO

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INTRODUCTION

I AM happy to have this lovely tribute to Bishop Leonard. It is eminently fitting that we should possess, in permanent form, a souvenir of our late Diocesan, and I am greatly indebted to Canon Daniels for its preparation.

By strange coincidences Canon Daniels was born in Owego, the old home of the Leonard family; he resided in Brooklyn, and in Washington; and in his later years he came to live in Ohio. He was intimately acquainted with Bishop Leonard and his family in all these places, long before the Bishop came to the Diocese of Ohio. Bishop Leonard baptized Canon Daniels and prepared him for confirmation in St. John's Church, Washington, and later ordained him to the priesthood here in Ohio. Knowing all this, I felt constrained to urge Canon Daniels to prepare this memoir, and to fill it with the intimate personal touches and human interests with which he is so familiar. I am happy that he undertook the work at my suggestion, and that he has prepared so lovely a portrait of our revered Bishop.

I wish that every Church family in the Diocese of Ohio might have a copy of this memoir. The effort has been made to bring it within the reach of all our people. It is not a biography, it is a

sympathetic record of those personal traits in the life of Bishop Leonard which made him so beloved by all his people. Some of us knew him through all the years of his Episcopate, others knew him for a shorter time; but all deeply revered him, and all were influenced by the charm, sincerity, and wholesomeness of his personality. As one who knew him for only a few years, and yet knew him most intimately because of official relations, I am happy to bear my tribute and to thank God for the blessed life that influenced us so profoundly.

I also express my appreciation of the work that Canon Daniels has done in putting these memories of Bishop Leonard into a printed volume; we shall all cherish it for years to come.

Warren L. Rogers,
Bishop of Ohio.

PREFACE

IN the following little book no attempt has been made to write a biography. The effort has been rather to hold up a mirror which shall, so far as may be, reflect the character and personality of the beloved Fourth Bishop of Ohio; it is not the writing of a life—it seeks to be the painting of a picture.

Every portrait must have a background, and the painter seeks to make this background illustrative of the life and character of his subject. This portrait, too, deals much with backgrounds; it attempts to show Bishop Leonard against the scenes of his activities, in the midst of the surroundings which shaped his ideals and efforts.

The little book has been undertaken in obedience to a command—but yet it has been a labor of love. The writer is keenly aware of his inadequacy for the task; but his very long and close association with the subject of the sketch, and his familiarity with most of the places in which Bishop Leonard lived, may, in some degree, justify his selection. He asks a kind and sympathetic judgment of the work; he asks that it be regarded not as a literary venture, but as a wreath which he lays upon the tomb of a dearly loved friend, an honored guide, a revered master.

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FORBEARS

"SCHOLAR, Administrator, Saint", was the characterization of Bishop Leonard in a recent editorial utterance in one of our Church papers; an extraordinary combination of qualities, but most of those who knew the Bishop will agree that this estimate is penetrating and just. Can we analyze the forces that went to the making of such an exceptional character? What were the strands of influence that united in him in forming one who was, at the same time, Scholar, Administrator, and Saint?

All men are to a certain extent products of their ancestry and environment and in the character of Bishop Leonard these forces were peculiarly potent. We can account for his aristocratic dignity, his poise, his charm of manner, by remembering the noble Dacres; we can the better understand his practicability and his administrative

gifts by calling to mind the iron masters of Wales and New England and the solid qualities of industry and probity which they bequeathed; we can understand the deep evangelical piety and the stern conscience when we remember the New England atmosphere of Connecticut; we can comprehend the joy in family and social life, the neighborly friendliness, the social graces, when we remember Brooklyn; the brightness of conversation and repartee and the literary turn will be somewhat explained when we consider the intellectual and social life of Owego, his grandfather's Chesterfieldian letters, polished speeches, and editorial writings, and the literary atmosphere of that extraordinary community. Let us trace in a little detail these various strands of influence.

William Andrew Leonard came of distinguished ancestors; those interested in such matters have traced the genealogy far back. Says one of them, "This family was primarily of Saxon origin. The name is found some twelve hundred years ago among the "forest smiths" of Germany and is spelled even then "Leonard," which is Old German of the sixth century. After the Saxon invasion of England some of the Leonards, workmen in metals, are found in Kent and Sussex, among the iron hills. In the course of time, as

these mines grew unproductive, great inducements were offered the laborers skilled in the business to remove to western parts of England on the borders of Wales." The Leonards of Kent were Barons Dacre. They married into distinguished families of their county and a connection with royalty has been traced out. The name is variously spelled in English records and for two hundred years the common spelling was "Lennard." Richard Lennard, thirteenth Baron Dacre, married Lady Anne, daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton, and their son, Henry, emigrated to America in 1676. James, and possibly another brother, John, sons of Thomas Leonard, of Pontipool, Wales, also came to America and settled in Massachusetts, first at Lynn, later at Taunton. It is said that they established the first iron works in America, at Saugus, near Lynn.

These Leonards of Colonial days were prolific and their descendants settled throughout New England and in New York and New Jersey. They were people of consequence in the affairs of the colonies. One of them, Stephen Leonard, of Taunton, was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Another, Daniel Leonard, of Taunton, was an intimate of Governor Hutchison and he was influenced by him to take up the Royalist cause in the days preceding the Revolution. He

defended the King and his ministers in a long series of letters to the press which were signed "Massachusettensis." They were answered, under the signature "Novanglus", by John Adams; Adams himself testifies that the Royalist letters "made a very visible impression on many minds." Their source was carefully concealed and some attributed them to Jonathan Sewall. In Taunton, however, Leonard was regarded as the author and as the crisis in affairs drew near, mobs gathered in front of his house and ferocious threats were made. But he had been loved in Taunton and the citizens were persuaded to refrain from violence. Leonard took refuge in Bristol, believing that his family would be safe; but his house was assailed in the night and the marks of bullets may still be found in it. Upon the outbreak of the war Daniel Leonard fled to England, and his services to the Government were rewarded by the Chief Justiceship of Bermuda. His descendants still live there and one of them, at least, has visited Bishop Leonard in Cleveland. Daniel Leonard's Massachusettensis letters have been collected and published and they are said to constitute the best defense of the Royalist cause that appeared on this side of the water.

The fifth in descent from the first American Leonard, was Stephen Banks Leonard, the paternal

grandfather of Bishop Leonard. He was the son of Silas Leonard, of Parsippany, New Jersey, and Johanna Gregory of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Stephen was born in Wall Street, New York, on the site of the present United States Custom House, in 1793. His father's house was burned to the ground when the boy was about seven years old and during the next three years the family lived successively in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. In 1803 they removed from New York City to Owego, in Tioga County, New York. There, when he was thirteen, Stephen Leonard entered the office of Judge Stephen Mack to learn the printer's trade. Judge Mack was the publisher of *The American Farmer*; his office was on the upper floor of his house on Front Street, and there the boy received his bent for editing and publishing. His apprenticeship over, the youth of eighteen purchased a share in the office and then went off to Albany to perfect himself as a printer. In Albany he worked on *The Daily Journal*, and pushed himself along in his chosen profession of journalism. On his return to Owego he became partner in the editorship and ownership of *The American Farmer*. Subsequently he bought out the establishment, added a new press, types, etc., and gave the paper a new name—*The Owego Gazette*. This was in 1814 and the paper is

still published under that name; it is an unusually fine specimen of the county newspaper.

Stephen Banks Leonard was active in the affairs of his community; he was interested in the establishment of an academy there, he managed a number of mail routes, and in the course of time he was sent to Congress. His public services were distinguished and he was returned for a second period. He became a leading man in the Democratic party, and he was associated in Washington with Webster, Clay, Calhoun and the others of their generation. In his later years he engaged in farming, retiring to a charming home on the river bank about a mile from the village of Owego. This place, known as The Locusts, was a favorite resort for their many friends and relatives, and Bishop Leonard records that gaiety and good fellowship reigned in this country house. He experienced it himself in his boyhood. Later on Stephen Leonard bought the house known as Gray Tower, in the heart of the village, and there he spent a leisurely and beautiful old age. He had married Esther Henrietta Sperry of New Preston, Litchfield County, Connecticut. She was a woman of beauty and of sterling character and she was an ideal wife and mother. Seven children were born to Stephen and Esther Leonard. The eldest, William Boardman, Bishop Leonard's

father, was born at Owego in 1820; the second, Hermon Camp, lived a long life of usefulness and importance in Portland, Oregon. The others, George Stephen, Emily Caroline, and Laura Ann, lived out long lives in Owego and were people of prominence there.

William Boardman Leonard went at his majority to New York City and took up commercial activities. He engaged in the wholesale dry goods trade, then in the wholesale grocery and coffee business, and afterwards he founded the banking house of Leonard, Sheldon & Company, with their office at number 10 Wall Street, near the site of his father's birthplace. This firm was long in business and became well known.

William Boardman Leonard married, at twenty-seven years of age, Louisa Dimon Bulkley at Southport, Connecticut. She came of prominent colonial stock, and there were many family connections in and about Southport. The young couple made their home in Brooklyn. Three children were born to them, William Andrew in Southport, Lewis Hermon and Louisa Bulkley in Brooklyn. They grew up in the Brooklyn home and were prominent figures in the social life of the city. Mr. Leonard soon became identified with the affairs of the community. He was a vestryman and warden of Holy Trinity Church,

director of a number of institutions, and president of various banks and charitable boards. He was one of the original promoters of the great Brooklyn Bridge and his name, with the names of his colleagues, is to be seen on the bronze tablet upon one of the stone towers of that structure. He was interested in music and was President of the famous Apollo Club of Brooklyn. He twice declined nomination for the mayoralty of Brooklyn and he consistently refused entrance into political life. Twenty years before his death he purchased the beautiful house in Owego known as Riverbend and after his retirement he spent long summers there, delighted to be in the village that he loved and to be living almost on the site of his birthplace. He was a handsome man and was dintinguished by charming manners and exceptional geniality. He died July 2, 1893, at Owego, and his funeral was held in St. Paul's Church there. His grave is in the family plot in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

ENVIRONMENT

WILLIAM ANDREW LEONARD was born in Southport, Connecticut, July 15, 1848. His very early years, and many of his school days, were spent in Connecticut. It was natural enough that Connecticut should have been a formative influence in his life. He went as a small boy to the James Bett School at Stamford, and later on to the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown. Thus it came about, too, that his ordination to the priesthood was in St. John's Church, Stamford. A boyish picture of him still hangs in the vestry of that church.

The Connecticut of that day still preserved a good deal of the old Puritan strictness and piety. Bishop Leonard used often to say that he was "a Connecticut Churchman". No doubt the habits of family prayer, daily Bible reading, and simple evangelical faith which he retained to the end of his life were largely the results of his early days in Connecticut. But by "Connecticut Churchmanship" he meant something more; Connecticut

has long stood in the minds of American churchmen for a particular type of sturdy high churchmanship which has had a great influence in the affairs of our church in this country. To seek the reason for it takes us back to a picturesque event in Colonial history. Long before the Church in America had a bishop, or could think of having one, the famous Bishop Berkeley came from England to these shores with the idea of founding a college for negroes in Jamaica, and perhaps a university for whites in Bermuda. His ideas were impractical and he got no further than New England; but he lingered for a number of years in Boston, in Newport and in Connecticut, busying himself, meantime, with his work in philosophy. When the time finally came for his return to England he gave to the infant Yale University his collection of books. This small library included a Church-of-England Prayer Book and the writings of a number of leading Anglican divines. Bishop Berkeley sailed away, but he left behind him a powerful influence in this collection of books. They were opened and examined in that Congregationalist University; they were read and talked about; and finally a group of professors met regularly for the study and discussion of Anglican orders, Anglican theology, and liturgic services. Presently the community was electrified

by the calling together of the trustees and the announcement to them that President Cutler and seven other leading members of the faculty had been converted to Episcopacy and to the Anglican Church. They presented their resignations and three of them set sail for England to seek ordination. The colony was shaken to its foundation, and the reverberations from this event continued for many years. The converted president and professors made for themselves places of prominence on their return, and other men of scholarship and influence were added to their number.

The final result of all this was that the Episcopal Church became strong in Connecticut and that its adherents there were of a convinced and militant type not found elsewhere in the colonies. It was natural enough that after independence was secured Connecticut churchmen should have acted promptly to elect Samuel Seabury and that Connecticut should thus have had the first bishop in the American Church. We know what a power he was in our infant church, and how much we owe to him for the present form of our Prayer Book, and especially for the beauty and completeness of our Office of the Holy Communion.

This type of churchmanship was imbibed by the youthful Leonard, and it was evident throughout his whole career; along with his simple and

evangelical piety marched strong churchly principles.

The outstanding element in the development of this kind of churchmanship in our beloved Bishop was, no doubt, the Berkeley Divinity School in the days when it was presided over by Bishop Williams. He was a great prelate and a great ecclesiastic and he had a strong formative influence in the lives of many of our bishops and priests. He did a great deal of teaching in the school himself, and his pupils seemed never to have forgotten what he implanted.

Bishop Leonard's childhood home, after the first few years spent in Connecticut, was in Brooklyn. His father brought the household there almost as soon as his business was well established. For the long period of William B. Leonard's active life his family made its home at 192 Columbia Heights, that extraordinary street that caps the high bluff behind the Brooklyn water front. Their brownstone house fronted on this quiet residential street, but at the back the great windows looked out upon the seething traffic of the world. The grassy back yard concealed great rows of brick ware-houses below the bluff, some of which extended far under the grass plot itself; beyond the roofs of others the masts and smokestacks of a great mass of shipping could

be seen, and beyond these again the busy harbor of New York was stretched out, with the lower end of Manhattan Island rearing its towers of commerce, and the dimly seen New Jersey shore in the distance. Late in the day, when magnificent sunsets painted the sky over this extended outlook, the panorama was one never to be forgotten. The living rooms of the house all looked over this scene, and the influence of its broad expanse, its glorious colors, and its suggestion of the busy currents of the world's activity, must have had an influence upon the young people who daily saw it and gloried in it. There the boy lived, with frequent excursions to the homes of his mother's relatives in Connecticut, to his father's family at Owego, and even sometimes to Mount Vernon, Ohio, where an uncle of his, one of the Connecticut Sperrys, had settled. He resided for a time with this uncle and attended school and Sunday school at Mt. Vernon. It was while he was there that the war broke out, and that, seized by the fever, young Leonard and a boy companion stole off and enlisted. There is in existence an old tintype picture of the lad in his ill-fitting uniform. His father rushed post-haste to the western town and saw that the boy was put back where he belonged—he could not have been more than fifteen years old.

The Brooklyn of that day was a unique and interesting city; only a stone's throw from New York, it had a character all its own, quite different from that of the city of Manhattan. It was often remarked that Brooklyn was a New England village built on a larger scale, with all the traits and characteristics of New England village life preserved. There families lived for two or three generations in one house—it was not considered quite respectable to move frequently. There were no apartment houses then; nearly all families of standing owned substantial and commodious houses, and lived in them year after year.

And so it came about that people in Brooklyn knew their neighbors. Each residential section of the city—and there were several such—had its own social set, and these people knew each other intimately and did things together. Calls were made in those days and there was a great deal of informal visiting and "running in" among friends. The Leonards had relatives—Dimons and Bulkleys—living nearby, and they all felt the ties strongly and were devoted to each other. Thus in Brooklyn there were good people to know, good neighborhood topics to talk about, and plenty of good things to do. One might mention also that there were good educational institutions for the children—the Polytechnic Institute for boys and

the Packer Institute for girls. The old Academy of Music was the scene of numerous fine concerts and operatic performances, and the Brooklyn Institute furnished numberless interesting lectures.

The Brooklyn of that day was called "The City of Churches." Its preachers were among the most notable in the land—Henry Ward Beecher, Richard Storrs and Charles Hall were all of them preaching within a few blocks of where William Leonard lived. Visitors to the metropolis used then to do their church-going in Brooklyn, and all Brooklyn went to church too—it showed its New England connection in that point as well as in many others. A high tone in civic and private life was characteristic of the citizens of Brooklyn in that day. Young William Leonard attended the Polytechnic Institute on week days, and on Sundays went to Sunday school and church at Holy Trinity, where Dr. Charles Hall preached rousing sermons at one end of the church, and Dudley Buck, with a great choir and organ, furnished rousing music from the gallery at the other end. The services were simple but they were affecting in their tone of sincerity and solemnity. Dr. Hall was a Boanerges in those days and he had a great name and a very wide influence. He was a formative force in the life of William

Leonard. The boy was taught and confirmed there, and later his marriage took place in that church.

Another environment playing its part in the shaping of the youth was Owego, the home of his grandfather and of several uncles and aunts. Quaint, charming, sleepy Owego! Nestled among the high hills that border the winding Susquehanna, you dream away your years in quiet and peace, eschewing the busy hum of the world, content to produce now and then a great man. How deeply you are loved by those who have spent their youth in your delectable surroundings!

Owego lies where the Susquehanna, here a considerable stream, receives from the north the little Owego River. Long before the white man came the Indians had noticed the natural amphitheatre which opens here, and had planted a village at the junction of the two streams. When Sullivan's Army came sweeping down the Susquehanna in its effort to make safe the old New York frontier, certain keen-eyed soldiers noted the spot and resolved to return to it. Thus the white man's village was planted. Years afterwards, N. P. Willis, favorite poet and essayist of an earlier generation, voyaging down the Susquehanna in a canoe, also noted the spot and came back to it to found his home. His house, which

he called Glen Mary, lay a little way up the Owego, nestled by the side of a small glen which traversed his property. A little later on, Bishop Coxe's father, himself a noted preacher of the Metropolis, came there to spend his declining years. Vesper Cliff, his stately home, was perched on a high bluff above the same little Owego River. Just across the road from him, the Johnsons had their home, Meadow Bank, overlooking a fascinating expanse of elm-dotted river flats, with glimpses of the Susquehanna and of the steep blue hills beyond. From this household came two notable men: a famous teacher of mathematics at Annapolis—William Woolsey Johnson—professor of English at Trinity College —Charles Frederick Johnson.

And these were by no means the only notable people of that little community. From it went out four bishops of the Episcopal Church—Leonard, Millspaugh, Welles, and Worthington; Raphael Pumpelly, explorer, geologist, author, professor at Harvard; Washington Gladden, famous preacher of the Congregational Church; Thomas Platt, United States Senator and famous politician; John and William Rockefeller, financiers; Isaac Catlin, General in the U. S. Army; Benjamin Tracy, Cabinet Officer, called the "Father of the American Navy", and many

others. And there was likewise a goodly group of notables who spent their lives in the village and who would have been famous, so the villagers felt, if they had gone out into the world: the Parkers, jurists, with two or three judges to their credit; the Farringtons, literary folk; the Averys, contributing a judge who was also a collector of Indian antiquities and a writer of Indian lore. There labored and ministered for almost half a century James Holwell Kidder, Rector of the local parish, scholar, wit, and preacher of unusual ability. There labored and preached in the Congregational Church a brother of Henry Ward Beecher, and in the Presbyterian Church two men who afterwards attained distinction in the academic world. It is scarcely necessary to add that the intellectual atmosphere of the village was stimulating and unusual.

Its aspect is particularly attractive. Its broad streets are beautifully shaded by elms and maples. It abounds in unpretentious homes which display the dignity and taste of their owners; it is exquisitely kept, and its vistas of blue hills and glassy river are full of charm. Bishop Leonard used often to say in his later years, "I am an Owegoan, and I love the place. Where is there another town like it?" He was never tired of talking about its notable and interesting people,

and he often laughed over the odd characters and amusing events which seemed to abound there. He wrote affectionately as follows: "The hills stand round about the village in close proximity; indeed, when one is high up upon their sides, it is quite possible to look directly down upon the brown roofs and into the red chimneys. Views from these overhanging hills are attractive and inspiring. The town is like a rich green nest of leaves with the white eggs of houses showing clear by contrast; the river winds its graceful way and seems like a long serpentine lake."

The schools of Owego have always been remarkable, from the days when Bishop Leonard's grandfather was influential in starting the old Academy there. That school was long presided over by an Irish gentleman, a graduate of the University of Dublin, and he and his worthy successors had much to do with shaping the lives of many prominent Owegoans. John and William Rockefeller, Thomas Platt, Washington Gladden, and many others of the Owego notables were pupils in the schools of that village. A college education was always the ideal for the young men of the town, and European travel was a very common supplement.

The society of the town was delightful and the young people of the Leonard family took a lead-

ing place in it. William spent considerable periods there and at one time he was a student at the old Boys' Seminary which stood near the river a little way beyond his grandfather's home. He was so fond of Owego that he made it his custom to return there annually for a summer visit up to the very end of his life. Repeated periods of participation in the refined and gentle life of this village community no doubt played their part in molding the young man.

At the proper age the youth was entered as a student at the famous Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. This school had attained a great name throughout the country under the administration of Dr. Samuel H. Taylor. Its early facilities would appear to us very crude, and its life and discipline rather hard and rough. The school included about four hundred boys; many of them were lodged in residences throughout the village, and discipline was accordingly difficult. But on the other hand there was a strong religious tone in the school and the moral standard was high. Religious services were frequent; there were daily prayers, morning and afternoon, and there was compulsory Biblical Instruction every Sunday morning before church. Besides these, each class had its separate prayer meeting on Sunday evening. Some of the boys taught in

Sunday schools in the neighboring mill villages. Bishop Leonard remembered escorting Elizabeth Stuart Phelps to such a meeting every Sunday afternoon and assisting her in the teaching.

But in 1867, before his course was completed, there was an unfortunate disciplinary upheaval, commonly known in the school as the "Third Rebellion". Three prominent students cut classes and went to a nearby pond for boating and a swim; on their return they were promptly expelled from the school. Two others, including the football star of the school, happened to cut on the same day, and they were added to the three already expelled. Next day the Senior Class held an angry mass meeting, and twenty-four of the forty-two members "struck" and defied the principal; they, too, were expelled. It is to be said, in extenuation, that the aging head-master was suffering from gout and that he had been greatly annoyed by cuts from classes; it is also to be said that throughout his long administrative career he frequently acted on impulse rather than on sober judgment in disciplinary matters. Young Leonard, though he denied any guilt in the matter, was included in the wholesale expulsion; he told his father that he was innocent and that his statement had not been believed at the school, and his indignant parent made no attempt to return him.

Bishop Leonard retained no resentment against the school; he took part in its reunions from time to time. Thirty-six years after the event the expelled boys were, by vote of the Trustees, reinstated in Phillips Academy, and, vastly to his own amusement, Bishop Leonard received a diploma.

YOUNG MANHOOD

WILLIAM LEONARD, for his college work, was sent to St. Stephen's College, at Annandale, New York. This little college, located among the hills on the east bank of the Hudson, was of Church foundation and was devoted, as were most colleges of that day, exclusively to the liberal arts. It was small, unpretentious, poor, but it had high ideals and its faculty was made up of men who were scholars and sturdy churchmen. Most of its students were men who were looking forward to the ministry of the Church. It is probable that young Leonard was thinking seriously about the ministry even before his college days. He was an active, enterprising, gay youth and there are traditions of various escapades—none of them at all discreditable—such as any lively youth is likely to indulge in. He was suffering at this time from some trouble with his eyes and this prevented his doing the full work of the course.

But, without hesitation or experiment, he

gravitated to the ministry. He entered the Berkeley Divinity School at twenty, not remaining for graduation at St. Stephen's. Berkeley was located then at Middletown, Connecticut. It was housed in an old mansion overlooking the Connecticut, and situation and surroundings were full of charm. Although the school had a high reputation, the number of students was not large, and there was an intimate family life lived there in which Bishop Williams, the founder and presiding genius of the school, played the part of father and friend. He was the principal instructor in History and Theology and his teaching made a deep impress upon the minds of the students who came under his dominance. A surprising number of them reached positions of power and influence in the Church; two of these, Boyd Vincent and William Ford Nichols (both distinguished bishops in later life) were classmates and intimates of William Leonard. Bishop Vincent writes the following charming paragraphs about Leonard at Berkeley: "I first met him there in 1869. We at once formed a warm personal friendship which only strengthened with the years. He was a favorite with everybody else, too, in the School; and not least with Bishop Williams, whose home the School adjoined. In the evenings Bishop Williams always indulged in a good cigar, and

often, in dressing gown and slippers, used to visit Leonard's big room for a smoke and chat. With all his lordly dignity Bishop Williams could also doff it completely. He loved and told good stories and was himself as witty as wise. These domiciliary visits were the signal, of course, for all the seminary men to flock with their pipes to Leonard's room; and I distinctly remember the frequent scenes of the room blue with smoke with a dozen or fifteen men (when there weren't chairs enough to go around) sitting on the floor with their backs to the walls for the entertainment. One of the men—a dear fellow named Schulte—used to scream and yell when he laughed, fit to wake the dead. I have seen Bishop Williams, to quench him, take him over his knee and apply his slipper; —which did not of course tend to eliminate the noise.

"Bishop Williams naturally became Leonard's episcopal ideal. Consciously or unconsciously he copied him in many ways, especially in his carefulness in dress, even to his episcopal "apron". Leonard was already handicapped in his studies by a bad eye. He had had to be much out of College—St. Stephen's, Annandale—on account of it. But he persisted in hard work in spite of it. He could not give much attention to Greek or Hebrew or New Testament criticism; but he was

eager in the subjects in which Bishop Williams was such a master, namely, ecclesiastical history, Anglican theology and liturgics. He took careful notes on all these subjects, and they afterward served largely as the basis of some of his own books and lectures.

"During Leonard's seminary life occurred his engagement to a Brooklyn playmate—Miss Sullivan; in which interest I was his confidant and abettor,—and also afterward the "best man" at his wedding. I visited him several times in his home in Brooklyn, and he was good enough to come out to my home in Erie, Pa., at my ordination to the diaconate in 1871. We spent that summer vacation and several others together in the Adirondacks, in camp or at "Paul Smith's" hotel, where we alternately held Sunday services at which the first offerings were taken for the beautiful and famous rustic church ("St. John's in the Wilderness"), afterwards built there by Dr. Trudeau."

So conscious was Bishop Leonard of the formative power of this small theological school that it seems to have shaped his ideal for his own theological school later on. After Bexley Hall, at Gambier, came under his influence he tried to maintain a similar fatherly influence over his students there, making a great point of living

near them for a part of each year, of lecturing to them daily, of receiving them in his home as guests at frequent intervals, and of walking and talking with them in the groves and fields of Gambier. He was always strongly opposed to the idea of removing Bexley Hall to an urban center and he was similarly opposed to the removal of Berkeley to the immediate vicinity of Yale—indeed, when this step was taken he openly announced the end of his interest in his Alma Mater. Looking back over his own experience of Middletown and Berkeley, he felt that the best place for a theological school was in some beautiful country spot away from the noisy distractions of a city. He was convinced that space and opportunity for reflection and meditation were more important to the budding theologian than was the neighborhood of a great university. He realized, as many others have, that the thorough doing of the work laid down by the seminary curriculum and faculty will so completely fill the student's time as to leave little or no opportunity for elective courses in a neighboring university. As for clinical work in a large city parish, he thought that that should succeed graduation from the seminary and that in every case, if at all possible, the diaconate should be passed in such work under a wise and experienced director of a large parish.

Leonard's days at Berkeley were happy days and he often referred to them in reminiscent conversation in later years. He used to tell with great glee, the following story as illustrative of the force and plain speaking of Bishop Williams. It was reported late in his life that Bishop Williams lay desperately ill at Middletown. Bishop Leonard and Bishop Potter of New York journeyed up to pay him a visit. They found him lying miserably ill in the sick room; his hair straggled in long elf locks around his face and he was decorated with at least a week's growth of beard. Said Bishop Potter, in his rolling and dignified accents, "Bishop Williams, it is very sad to find you lying here so ill and looking so forlorn. I believe you would feel better if you would have a barber in to cut your hair and shave you; won't you let me call one?" Bishop Williams turned his eyes full on the towering prelate and said, "Henry Potter, you are a very wise man; you have learned a great many things; but there is one thing that you haven't learned—and that is to mind your own business."

As Bishop Vincent has said, Bishop Williams was, in many ways, Leonard's ideal; the young author induced him to provide the introduction for his book on Church History; in later years he invited him to deliver the Bedell lectures at

Gambier; and it was no doubt in deference to his own wish that the great prelate was chosen to be his Consecrator when, later on, he was himself advanced to the Episcopate. Bishop Williams had been, for a considerable period, the President of Trinity College, Hartford. He was the founder and dean of the Berkeley Divinity School; he became the Presiding Bishop of the Church in 1887; and he was in demand as a lecturer, besides being the author of several books. Bishop Leonard's career reflects all this surprisingly in many ways.

EARLY MINISTRY

WILLIAM LEONARD was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Williams at Middletown, Connecticut, May 30, 1871. His diaconate was passed at his own church, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. This period has left no records but it was, no doubt, important in its close contact with so great a preacher and administrator as Dr. Charles H. Hall. A little anecdote will serve to indicate Dr. Hall's sturdy churchmanship. He was asked to take his turn as preacher in a series of street corner meetings which had been organized by some evangelizing committee of Brooklyn. "I shall be very glad to do it," replied the Doctor. "But of course you will not expect me to hold any other kind of service than the one I am accustomed to." The surprised committee murmured something about their desiring only a simple, non-sectarian service. "Exactly," replied Dr. Hall, "You will not expect me to hold the kind of service that is characteristic of the sects. I will bring my Prayer

Books and my choir in vestments." This was done. Prayer Books in plenty were passed about through the crowd and the gathered company had the novel experience of taking part in a liturgic service. The success was immense and Dr. Hall's adhesion to his own line was justified.

William was ordained to the Priesthood, again by Bishop Williams—Bishop Littlejohn being absent in Europe—in St. John's Church, Stamford, on July 21, 1872. He went immediately to the Church of the Redeemer in Brooklyn as Rector. Here he remained for eight years. The parish was not a large one, nor was it prominent among the churches of the diocese or city but William Leonard found in it an admirable field for the exercise of his growing powers. His charming personality, his sincerity and the simple directness of his preaching drew people to him from the very first. Many followed him from the region in which he had lived, making the Redeemer the place of their church going, while they retained their membership in other parishes. He grew in popularity and prominence. He was elected Chaplain of the twenty-third Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York. He busied himself during his first years at the Redeemer with a devotional book for use in Holy Week—an account, in simple language, of the events of each

day of the final week of our Lord's life. He called the book, "Via Sacra" and it has been, and still is, the treasured companion of many devout souls through the final week of their Lenten observance.

To this period belongs Bishop Leonard's courtship and marriage. Sarah Louisa Sullivan, a Brooklyn lady of prominent family, was the object of his love and choice. He lavished upon her a devotion which lasted throughout her long life and which followed her into the other world. He had met her in 1867 while he was travelling in Europe, although one wonders that they had not met earlier, since they were neighbors on Brooklyn Heights. On July 23, 1867, he sailed from New York on the bark "Star King", sent abroad by physicians because of serious eye trouble. His destination was Marseilles and he was the only passenger on the little ship. Upon landing he worked down the coast until he came to Rome and Naples. At Sorrento he met the "beautiful girl who was afterwards to become his wife." He very gladly joined himself to her father's party and traveled about with them. Years later as he journeyed across Lake Lucerne, he said to a little boy of twelve who was of the party, "Jack, do you see that great pass up there against the skyline?" pointing to the St. Gothard. "When I was

a young fellow, I walked over that pass—indeed, I tramped over a good part of Switzerland. I was following around the girl I was in love with. Her people brought her to Switzerland and I came too, seeing as much of her as I could. There she sits over there now on the deck—Mrs. Leonard." "Well, Bishop," replied the little boy, as he inspected Mrs. Leonard, "I think you showed very good judgment." The Bishop was vastly amused, and pleased as well. He loved to relate the incident.

Four years after their meeting they became engaged at Montclair, New Jersey, where Miss Sullivan was visiting her great aunt and uncle. But before the engagement was an accomplished fact the young man had to go to her father in Brooklyn to ask formally for her hand—and he had to go through a week of suspense before he could know his fate. Miss Sullivan had been named for the aunt with whom she was staying when she became engaged, and she took from her not only the name "Sarah" but also the Dutch equivalent of that name "Sorchie." This is the name by which Bishop Leonard always called her.

They were married on April 17, 1873, in Brooklyn. In spite of the fact that there was a pouring rain, throngs of people were drawn by the social prominence of the parties concerned and by the

famed beauty of the bride. A woman who remembers the occasion has recently said, "I stood in line for an hour before I could get into the church and I was rewarded by a good look at the most beautiful bride I ever saw." Bishop Leonard loved to tell youthful visitors about his wedding, and he used to say with laughter that both the bride's parents and his own walked in the wedding procession.

Mrs. Leonard was tall and noticeably dignified in her bearing, and she had the aristocratic beauty of a princess. Her gracious charm, her tact, the music of her voice, attracted people wherever she went and she made the young clergyman's home a place that all were anxious to get into and to know. She had a religious nature and her first interest was in her husband's work.

IN WASHINGTON

IN 1880 the young Priest, then thirty-two years of age, was called to the important parish of St. John's, in Washington, and he accepted. It is testimony to the reputation that he had made for himself that he was called to this ancient and influential parish.

St. John's Church is located at the corner of Sixteenth and H Streets, N. W., in the heart of the official and residential section of the Capital. It faces the White House across a beautiful intervening park. The building was designed by Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol. It is of an unusual type for an American church—a cruciform building with a central dome, and short, broad arms to the cross. The interior is striking and beautiful. It was a part of Dr. Leonard's work (he had received an honorary D. D. from Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.) to preserve and beautify this ancient structure. Since the space for the congregation was by no means equal to the demands, he added a chantry

at one side of the chancel; he saw that the windows were filled with stained glass of a style suited to the classic architecture; a beautiful altar and reredos in cream colored terra cotta were installed; and the interior was redecorated in shades of brown with the free use of gold leaf, producing a rich and beautiful effect.

At the reopening of the church Bishop Leonard preached a notable sermon, which the vestry issued in printed form. In it Dr. Leonard called attention to the antiquity of the structure and to previous changes that had been made in it. He said that in early years the pulpit had been provided with wheels and that it was run out on a track at the time for the sermon. He appended to his address this amusing story which he had heard from the venerable Bishop Green, of Mississippi. Bishop Green said, "St. John's has many sacred associations, but if nothing else is recorded it should be known that the saintly Bishop Ravenscroft was accustomed to preach under its dome. He was one of the most self-possessed, and recollected of men. I asked him once if he had ever been put out of countenance; and he replied, 'Yes, on two occasions. Once my candle was suddenly extinguished and I was left in the darkness. And once the pulpit in St. John's Church, Washington, ran away with me. It had

been wheeled out to its place and fastened with a snap catch. I was conscious of the distinguished and notable audience before me, and was preaching to them with vigor and earnestness, when of a sudden I felt the pulpit beneath me to be gliding away. Faster and faster towards the side wall of the Church it was moving, and gaining rapidly as it went. The congregation was agitated, I was helpless, and I may assure you that I was considerably out of countenance when we stopped suddenly, and with a bump, at the end of our novel journey.'"

The ancient structure itself is a magnet to the great throngs of sight-seeing visitors; in addition to this, it was the church of the President during the Arthur administration—another attraction to sight-seers. But the parish had a membership sufficient to fill the church every Sunday. Many of the pews were owned by old families and were handed down as an inheritance from generation to generation. Not a single sitting in the church was left free except a few pews which had been endowed for that purpose. The consequence was that it was hard to get into St. John's on Sunday morning. The spacious vestibule and the steps, too, were thronged with people waiting to be seated; but provision had to be made for the worshippers who supported the church, and so

strangers were not seated until the service had got a little under way. These conditions were not altogether agreeable to the young Rector but there was nothing to be done about it. The church covered the whole of the lot on which it stood and it was hemmed in by historic residences on all sides. A proposal to remove to another site would have been regarded as a shocking heresy. The one resource was the multiplication of services. One held at four o'clock in the afternoon was inaugurated and it was almost as popular as the morning service. Said a prominent woman, who happened to be a Presbyterian, "I always go to St. John's on Sunday afternoon to listen to Dr. Leonard and to get something to live by through the week."

Dr. and Mrs. Leonard were soon prominent figures in the official and social life of Washington; their urbanity and charm made them favorites everywhere. As time went on they came to reckon among their friends and intimates many of the famous and prominent men and women who thronged the Nation's center at that day. Henry Adams, distinguished scholar and literary man, was a next door neighbor and an intimate. John Hay lived close by and he was a familiar friend. George Bancroft, the historian, was a close acquaintance. President Arthur stood in the

relation of a devoted parishioner. Others who were warm friends were General Joseph Johnston, William M. Evarts, Robert Winthrop, Admiral Schley, General Schenck, Senator Edmunds, Secretary Whitney and Chief Justice Waite. The funeral of the latter was held in St. John's Church, as were the funerals of many other notables. Joseph Chamberlain, prominent English Statesman, was married at St. John's. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, founder of the Nation's splendid art gallery, was a sympathetic associate in the affairs of the parish. Of him the following incident is related; passing St. John's, he noticed an organ grinder who was casting upon the air the familiar strains of "Home Sweet Home." He stopped and listened and went away thinking. A little later he came to Dr. Leonard and said that it had come over him that it was a pitiful wrong that John Howard Payne, the American author of the world's favorite song, should lie buried in Tunis, so far away from the home which he celebrated; and then he stated that he was ready, if a movement could be started, to finance the removal of Payne's remains to the National Capital and to see that a suitable monument was erected. The movement was launched. State countenance and aid were given by the furnishing of a warship for the bringing of the body, and in due time a

splendid observance took place in Rock Creek Cemetery upon the reburial of the poet's body and the dedication of a noble monument.

These Washington friendships were not things of a day—they did not end with the removal of Dr. Leonard to Ohio. Most of them lasted through life and indeed they seemed to grow in warmth and strength as the years passed and age came on. A tangible evidence of one of these devoted friendships may be seen in the fact that a wealthy parishioner in Washington sent to him each month of her life—and she lived nearly as long as he did—a check for one hundred dollars to be used in his work in Ohio. Bishop Leonard had great pleasure in disbursing these gifts among needy parishes and in telling the recipients to send acknowledgment to this benevolent woman.

Dr. and Mrs. Leonard lived in the spacious rectory on H Street close to the church. The study was a delightful crooked room in a wing of the church itself. It was lined with books and all available places were hung thick with pictures. It was a delightful spot to visit. A small window could be opened from it into the Church so that music and services could be heard from there by any who were privileged to that kind of attendance. Dr. Leonard was, of course, a very busy man. Besides the pastoral care of his large

parish he had a chapel to oversee. He had a large administrative work, and he was subject to endless miscellaneous calls upon his time. But he had the rare trait, conspicuous to the end of his life, of always seeming to be unhurried and at leisure. It was said of him in an anniversary address, "He is an example of the poetic ideal of 'toil unsevered from tranquillity'." There was always time to stop for a friendly word with any acquaintance he met, no matter how obscure; and if the meeting were anywhere near the church, there was very likely to be a suggestion of a visit to the study to look at some new picture or book, and, very likely, to carry away something interesting to read. Of course he had curates, but they did not do all of the calling—the whole parish knew the rector and was used to seeing him in the homes of his people. How he found time for all that he did was a mystery to those who knew him; probably his remarkably retentive memory for facts, dates and names was partly accountable for the ease with which he worked. He seemed never to forget anyone and the names and circumstances of all the members of each family were always ready on demand.

It was during this period that he brought out his "History of the Christian Church", a book of some three hundred pages which he had begun at

the suggestion of Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, for use in the Long Island diocesan schools. It is cast in catechetical form, an educational device that Dr. Leonard always strongly advocated, and it was intended purely for use with boys and girls; but it has proved for many others a ready reference book, and even interesting reading. In the preface the author disclaims any thought of originality, except perhaps for the form in which his subject was presented. The scholarship displayed in the work is to be seen in the framing of the terse statements and in the remarkable analysis which is used in shaping the whole book. The work is, of course, strongly churchly in tone, as was all of Bishop Leonard's teaching in Theology and History. The book has, no doubt, influenced great numbers of people toward the Church and has fortified many within it in their loyalty and devotion. Its general tenor can, perhaps, be judged by the final question and answer. "What has Church History taught us? Ans. That God rules and reigns over all nations and through all times; that Christ established a divinely arranged Institution on earth called His Holy Catholic Church; that He ordained a Ministry which should never cease to exist in this world; that souls are saved through the Church's agency and by Christ; that the Sacraments are to be continu-

ally administered as means of grace; that the Scriptures are to be taught and the Gospel constantly preached; that the Holy Ghost inspires the Church on earth with wisdom and zeal; that there have been differences of opinion and practice in all ages; that Christendom is divided into many religious bodies; that there is good in all, and that we must be charitable and tolerant towards those who oppose us and differ from us. Thus we have seen how God is working out His eternal designs and will, in Church History."

Dr. Leonard's influence and reputation constantly grew and spread during his nine years in Washington. Those who were his parishioners during a term or two in Congress carried home with them his name and reputation when they retired from Washington life. He was constantly preaching and ministering to people from all quarters of the Union. Probably no pulpit in the country in that day had so widely diffused a congregation, or was known in so many different places. Thus it came about that he was often proposed for the Episcopate. He was three times elected before finally accepting. One of these elections was to Southern Ohio, a call which strongly attracted him but which he finally rejected. A further election there resulted in the choice of his old friend, Boyd Vincent, who did ac-

cept and who thus became his next door neighbor.

When he was considering the matter of the election to Ohio, one of his prominent parishioners came to him and said, "Dr. Leonard, don't leave us! You have here a vastly wider influence and a vastly bigger congregation than any Diocese can give you." But the call to Ohio was not to be refused. He had always had the strongest belief in the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the Councils of the Church and he thought that God's voice was to be heard in the call to Ohio. Much as he dreaded cutting loose from Washington and its fascinating life, he could find no good reason why he should not accept the Ohio Diocese. The election came in 1889 and after due consideration he signified his acceptance.

IN THE DIOCESE OF OHIO

BISHOP LEONARD'S Consecration to the Episcopate took place in St. Thomas' Church, New York City, on October 12, 1889. The General Convention was in session, and this resulted in a great attendance of bishops and priests at the ceremony. The building was, of course, the old St. Thomas', but that provided a fine background for such a splendid service; it had an unusually spacious chancel and its arrangement was good. The central section of the pews was filled almost to the back of the church with vested bishops and priests. The scene was an impressive one and the music was of a high order. Dr. Leonard's beloved Bishop Williams was the Consecrator, and assisting him in the laying on of hands were Bishops Whipple, Doane, Whitehead, Paret, Vincent, and Courtney. The sermon was preached by Bishop Whitehead. Large numbers of friends from Washington went over for the service. Brooklyn was, of course, well represented, and there were men of prominence from the Dio-

cese of Ohio. On the evening preceding, Mr. Samuel Livingston Mather, for many years vestryman and warden of Trinity Parish, Cleveland, gave a dinner in honor of the Bishop-elect.

Bishop Leonard was elected and consecrated during the lifetime of his predecessor, the third Bishop of Ohio, Gregory Thurston Bedell. Bishop Bedell's health had failed, and he was living in retirement in New York City; he at once resigned the diocese, and four days after Bishop Leonard's Consecration his resignation was accepted by the House of Bishops. Bishop Leonard's first act was to visit the apartment of Bishop Bedell to do homage to his predecessor, and to celebrate the Holy Communion. Bishop Bedell presented him on this occasion with a set of bishop's robes which had belonged to the second Bishop of Ohio, Charles Petitt McIlvaine. These robes Bishop Leonard always treasured and he made it a point to wear them on certain anniversary occasions.

At the end of the convention, Bishop and Mrs. Leonard went at once to Ohio. Up to this time, Ohio had had no see city or pro-cathedral; several parishes in different cities proposed themselves for this distinction, but the Bishop chose Cleveland, which seemed to him sure to remain the leading city of the diocese. The Cleveland of that day

was by no means what it is now; the cathedral (then only Trinity Church) was mostly a dream, the present site having been but recently acquired and the work being centered in the old church on Superior Street, which had been the home of the parish since 1855. Bishop and Mrs. Leonard took up their residence in the Hotel Stillman on Euclid Avenue. But before much time had elapsed, they began the construction of the pleasant house on Euclid Avenue which remained the episcopal residence to the end of Bishop Leonard's life and which he bequeathed to the diocese on his death.

One of the Bishop's first acts was the summoning of the clergy of the diocese, and of as many laymen as could attend, to St. Paul's Church, for prayers with them and for a general address to the diocese. He took for his text the words from the Epistle for the Week, "We are members one of another," and he said, "I have come to be your associate and fellow laborer in the Gospel and Church of our adorable Master." He emphasized the fact that they were all linked together in one fellowship and that they must go forward together in the great enterprise which was set before them. On looking back one can see that he struck the keynote of his whole Episcopate in these words; cooperation, trustful pulling together, mutual confidence and affection, characterized the

life together of Bishop Leonard and his people. He plunged into it with heart and soul and he showed extraordinary vigor; although automobiles, trolley cars and busses did not then exist, he was able to state to his convention after six months of work, that he had visited practically the whole diocese.

He was optimistic and encouraging, as he always continued to be—but there was a great deal to do; many large towns and county seats were without the Episcopal Church; the eastern part of Cleveland, a rapidly growing section was unprovided with parishes and missions. Contributions for diocesan missions were so small as to amount to little or nothing; there was a tremendous need for clergy, and the seminary of the diocese was practically closed. But his vigor and resourcefulness soon set things moving. He was skillful in finding out able laymen and putting them to work. The financial affairs of the whole diocese received new care and new stimulus. Presently an active archdeacon was appointed. Languishing missions were linked up to strong parishes and so received regular services. Concentrated effort to find candidates for the ministry soon filled up Bexley Hall and these young men were sent out as lay readers. The Church began to keep pace with the rapid industrial and civic development of Ohio.

And what a development that has been! Cleveland then had 261,000 inhabitants, its population is now close to a million. The city had then fourteen parishes and one mission, it now has twenty-four; then there were 3,000 communicants in the city, now there are close to 10,000. The comparative figures for the diocese are similarly striking; Toledo, Youngstown, Akron, Canton, Sandusky, Lima and Mansfield, as they were then, would scarcely equal Akron alone as it is today. There were then ninety-five parishes and missions in the diocese and today there are one hundred and thirty-six; then there were about 9,000 communicants, today there are 31,000.

But there are other differences more striking and significant than the differences in statistics. During the half century preceding Bishop Leonard's coming to Ohio our entire Church had been stirred, frightened, inspired by the Oxford Movement; echoes of it and consequences of it had reached everywhere; Bishop Leonard used to say that he supposed that there was not a praish of the Anglican Communion anywhere in the world, no matter how obscure or remote, that had not been affected to some extent at least, by the Oxford Movement. Ohio had been particularly agitated, more, probably, by way of reaction toward conservatism than by many tangible ad-

vances. But controversy had raged hotly and the diocese had been almost torn asunder in some sections.

Let us glance for a moment at this great movement. The Evangelical Revival and the Methodist Movement at the end of the eighteenth century had stressed the spiritual condition of the soul and its separate relationship to God—its characteristic pronoun was "I". Corporate belief, corporate approach to God were minimized. Conversion was stressed, the Sacraments were slightly emphasized. As was quite natural, this atmosphere and these convictions found their symbolical expression. Where the cross now stands on the altar, a large alms basin was then displayed, and the altar was never decked with flowers. There were no colored stoles. The priest assumed a black academic gown before preaching his sermon. The choirs were not vested and they were placed in a gallery at the rear, and of course there were no processional crosses. Celebrations of the Holy Communion were monthly observances then, and in some places they were even less frequent. The altar was emphatically a table and even the word "altar" was objected to. But about 1830 a group of learned priests at Oxford began to preach and write in favor of a different view; they pushed their ideas by a series of ninety

"Tracts for the Times," some of which reached the size of small volumes; these were read with avidity and they shook the Anglican Church to its foundations; the Tractarians called attention to the corporate side of Christianity; they wrote hymns and poems in line with the Lord's Prayer and Te Deum, in which "we" was the characteristic word; they stressed the continuity of the Church and they emphasized the Apostolic Ministry. In the course of time, they advocated the use of the symbols which stood for these principles. They were strenuously opposed in pulpit and in press, and in some cases opposition ran even to physical violence and to court proceedings. But their principles spread and gradually made their way throughout the Anglican world.

Bishop McIlvaine, a man of striking personality, of great preaching ability and persuasive power, had been one of the leading opponents of this movement in America. His voice was constantly raised against the advance of the Oxford ideas, although among the Connecticut churchmen of the northern part of the diocese there were many who did not quite agree with him. He had written, in opposition to the whole movement, a book called "The Oxford Theology", which had wide circulation and to the reading of which he had attached a scholarship in the Theological Seminary.

So it came about that Ohio was considered a stronghold of the Evangelical Party in this long drawn-out controversy. James Stone, a gifted man with the Oxford viewpoint, had been driven out of the Presidency of Kenyon College by Evangelical opposition, and, as often happens in such cases, he had taken refuge in the Roman Church. The slightest advances in the direction of the Oxford Movement were met with bitter opposition; for a time the earlier Bishops of Ohio did not tolerate flowers upon any altar; vested choirs were considered a ritualistic development. Indeed, less than twenty years before Bishop Leonard's coming, a priest of the diocese had been presented for trial for introducing a vested choir, and the Bishop had strongly maintained that the move was illegal and Romanizing. Some of the old people were scandalized at the introduction of the chanting of the canticles into their parishes. The Rector of Trinity Parish, Cleveland—now our Cathedral Parish—had been sharply reprimanded by his Bishop for using colored stoles and he had been commanded to desist. Several other northern Ohio parishes had been involved in difficulties with their bishop because of the introduction of practices which seem to us innocent and ordinary enough. Said an eastern bishop in later years to one who was engaged in securing a

pastoral staff for presentation to Bishop Leonard, "I suppose you will not omit, among the symbols on the staff, that famous Ohio mallet." "Mallet?" replied the Priest. "I haven't heard of that. What was the Ohio mallet and what did it signify?" "The story goes," said the Bishop, "that the former Bishops of Ohio always carried around with them on their visitations a heavy wooden mallet. They would raise the altar cloth to see if the altar was still a table with 'good honest legs', as the phrase went, and if they found that panels had been inserted, they proceeded to knock them out with the mallet which was carried for the purpose." A ridiculous story, but it illustrates the reputation of the Diocese of Ohio in the general Church.

Into this atmosphere Bishop Leonard came. His background and training had given him an entirely different viewpoint, but he was never a partisan man. He was sympathetic with the zeal and deep piety which the Evangelical Party had manifested, and he was much more conscious of the tremendous opportunity for devoted and constructive work in his diocese than he was of any partisan questions. No thoughtful observer, however, can shut his eyes to the difficulties of the situation, nor can he blind himself to the extraordinary tact, gentleness and skillful leadership

which the young Bishop displayed in threading his way through the maze of diocesan traditions, staid conservatism, and party feeling which characterized his field.

He was an utter stranger to almost everyone in the diocese and he was inspected and watched wherever he went; but there was everywhere a kindly and friendly attitude toward the "Boy Bishop" as he was sometimes called—he was only forty-one and was strikingly youthful in appearance. His personality and genial manner won friends for him from the very first. Record has been made of only one dissenting voice. A very old lady in one of the smaller parishes asked the Rector to bring the new Bishop to see her in her home when he came to town. She gave him a good looking over and then said, "Well, I'm real disappointed." "What is the matter, mother, what's wrong with me?" asked the Bishop. "Why, you're so young looking," replied the old lady,"you don't look at all like a Bishop!" This may have been true at first but time soon corrected the defect, if there was any; most of the members of the diocese came to feel, as the years went on, that no Bishop in the American Church "looked the part" more completely than did Bishop Leonard. His dignity, his seriousness, his deep sincerity and piety were all evident in his bearing.

In the course of years, Bishop Leonard's character and hard work made a deep impress upon his diocese. The Church grew in numbers with astonishing rapidity, and constant effort was made to open new missions in the towns where the Church had never gone. Old and inadequate buildings were enlarged or replaced. Furnishings and appointments of worship were brightened and improved, or added. The tone and atmosphere of public worship changed little by little to a more churchly and expressive type, and through it all controversy and partisanship were avoided. Bishop Leonard was not unfriendly to the ceremonial developments that had caused such agitation in earlier days. "Ceremonial?" he would say. "Yes, plenty of it—but Anglican ceremonial, not Roman." Said he once to an over-ardent young curate, "My dear fellow, if you want to make the sign of the Cross, do so—but don't make it three feet high."

The Bishop openly expressed himself on many occasions as being opposed to partisan organizations and elections. He was ever insistent upon the essential, underlying oneness of all the members of the Church, whatever their theological and ecclesiastical leanings might be. He was fair to all, kindly and considerate to all, but he never took sides. Thus it came about that while there

was a steady and general advance in the churchmanship of the diocese, it was quiet and almost unnoticed; it came as the natural outward expression of a growing corporate sense and of a deepening realization of the presence of our Lord in His Church. People coming back to the diocese after many years of absence were amazed at the changes in the style of the services and in the appearance of the churches, but the people who were living here scarcely realized that anything had happened. Said an alumnus of Kenyon College, a western priest who had not been back to the diocese for thirty years, "I cannot get over my astonishment at the changed look of this diocese. The condition of things which I remember as prevailing thirty years ago has completely disappeared." The President of Kenyon College one day observed a solitary figure of striking aspect wandering about the campus and inspecting with interest the chapel and the other buildings. He joined him and entered into conversation. After a little, it developed that the visitor was Father Fidelis, of the Paulist Order of the Roman Church —formerly James Kent Stone, President of Kenyon College. As they strolled about, Father Stone is said to have remarked, "If, in my day at Gambier, things had been as I see them now, my whole course might have been different."

In material ways, too, the diocese has grown immensely, as the figures already quoted will show. The growth of the Church everywhere in our land during these years has been striking but Ohio's increase has been out of proportion to the rest. In the matter of its giving for the work of the whole Church it has gradually stepped up among the dioceses of the land until it is now near the top of the list—it has become one of the great dioceses of the American Church. Bishop Leonard would be the first to say, as he often did say on public occasions, that the advance of the diocese was due to the devoted work of his splendid body of helpers, priests and lay people; this is, of course, true, but yet the magnetism of the Bishop in attracting, inspiring and shaping men has been the greatest factor in all this advance. Ohio has been a diocese that able clergymen have loved to work in; such clergy have been brought in from outside as occasion has offered, and the local seminary has been busy producing others. The clergy of Ohio have liked to stay on, and having been called away, they have liked to come back, if the opportunity has come to them. And the systematic work of the diocese, through its parishes and missions, has raised up a remarkable body of devoted laymen and laywomen. Some of these have come to be outstanding leaders in the

National Church. Ohio has become a notable diocese, too, for the completeness and thoroughness of its organization and the business-like way in which the numberless details of its diocesan life are carried on. In many matters of business administration the diocese has been a leader in the American Church and it has been largely copied. This, too, we may attribute in large degree to the enthusiasm and cooperation of Bishop Leonard.

Of course Bishop Leonard's inspiration would not have been felt in the diocese if he had not been well known. He was tireless in his journeyings through the great territory over which he presided. Every parish and mission saw his face annually whether or not there was a class to confirm, and in many of them he would appear two or three times in the year, drawn by anniversaries, dedications and such like events. He traveled by pretty nearly every known means of getting about, and it is a wonderful thing, when one remembers these journeyings, that he lived up to eighty years. In all weathers, under all conditions, he kept going. And wherever he went, the people came to know and to love him. In each parish that he visited he was, ordinarily, the guest of some layman, and a goodly number of the parishioners would be invited in to dine or sup with

him. More often than not a reception would be given him at which parishioners and other people of the community could meet him and press his hand. His conversation on these social occasions was always brilliant and sparkling. He moved rapidly from one topic to another. There was always a spice of humor, and good stories abounded. He had a remarkable memory for faces and names and he adapted his conversation to the varying groups with tact and skill. Everyone came away feeling just a little flattered, and most of the people in each parish felt that the Bishop was their particular and intimate friend.

One great means of advance which he inaugurated was the appointment of an Archdeacon. The present tireless worker in that field, Gerard F. Patterson, is the third Archdeacon of Ohio; William M. Brown was the first, and he was a devoted and effective worker. The second was the Reverend A. A. Abbott, a man of tact, sympathy and skill who put his whole mind and strength into the missionary work of the diocese through a long period of years. He has written of the early days:

"When Bishop Leonard came, means for Church extension were extremely limited, and facilities for reaching the remoter parts, primitive. In many sections horses and horse-drawn vehicles

were the common carriers. There was not at the time, within the limits of the diocese, a foot of modern hard surfaced highway, and for weeks in winter and spring, roads were impassable.

"It was prior to the advent of interurban trolleys, and of course of the motor car, while, with the exception of two or three main lines, railway service was inadequate and more or less crude.

"Thus, for the want of transportation, the Bishop was not infrequently away from home two and three nights in succession, his dining car often a railway eating station, and his sleeping berth a seat in a dusty railway coach. All of these situations and problems the Bishop met with that undaunted faith, charity and wisdom, that never forsook him.

"There was a side to Bishop Leonard's generous and versatile character not so generally known as others—the grace and felicity with which he met and related himself to the humblest and poorest people, and to their circumstances. He loved people, and never failed to break down timidity, to bring out the best, and to create an atmosphere of wholesome comradeship.

"In one of our small town missions, the warden was the janitor of the public schools. He, with his wife and children, all strong church people, lived in a poorly constructed four room house on

the school grounds. Here the Bishop was happily entertained, now and then over-night, delighting these people with that grace and thoughtfulness which made him so charming a guest in every home.

"On one occasion, after a morning service at one of our rural missions, and dinner at a nearby farm house, we drove in an open buggy twenty miles to another rural mission, and on the way were overtaken by rain, reaching our destination at nightfall, wet, chilled, and mud-bespattered. The Bishop's first thoughts were for the driver and his horses, the driver announcing that under orders from the owner of the team, he would have to return that night. The Bishop said he would take the responsibility of keeping him, giving him money to make himself and his animals comfortable for the night at the nearby village.

"Our host, who was the warden of the mission, and our hostess, anticipating our arrival, had a fire in the grate, so we were soon warmed and dried, these comforts being made further acceptable by a hot supper. By this time rain had ceased, and guided by farm lanterns, we assembled for worship. And I think I never heard the Bishop preach more effectively.

"In those days the Bishop began to secure resident priests for some of the rural missions. One

of these clergy, a married man, enjoyed a small glebe in addition to a modest rectory, where the Bishop was a frequent guest, and kept a horse and buggy, a cow, chickens and a garden. Soon after one of his visits, the Bishop received a letter from the missionary stating that their cow had had a calf, which bit of news the Bishop gleefully announced to the Board of Missions at their next meeting.

"This man always met the Bishop at the station with his horse and buggy. On one occasion, crossing the railway track, the driver pulled so suddenly on the lines that the head-gear gave way, and the bit dropped out of the horse's mouth. Happily, the animal stopped, but left the buggy with its occupants athwart the railway track. Very calmly the Bishop remarked that he was willing to die when the time came, but preferred some other way of meeting that event than by a railway accident. A few strings from a recess in the buggy soon had the horse caparisoned, and they drove on. A few days later, the missionary received a check to cover the price of new harness.

"He could always find in the queerest and most unusual people something interesting. A story is told of one such queer soul, the only male member of a cross roads mission, who was peculiarly

proud of his Episcopalian lineage, and of his acquaintance with the Bishop, for whom he had the greatest admiration. But judging the importance of an office by the length of the title designating it, he, greatly to the amusement of the Bishop, advertised that the Archdeacon of the diocese would visit the mission attended by the Bishop.

"With all his patience, poise, and good nature, the Bishop could, if the occasion demanded, rebuke in such a manner that the recipient of his disapproval would never forget. In a conference with a vestry one member persisted in being disagreeable, even impertinent and disrespectful, not to the Bishop but to others. Finally the Bishop, who was presiding, rose and ordered the man to leave the room, which he did, glad to escape from the presence of one whose high sense of propriety and fairness he had so sorely tried.

"We have all spoken of the Bishop's delicious sense of humor. It was more. It was the expression of a strong and beautiful nature, dynamic with the exquisite joy of living. Refined, cultured and learned, tender and sympathetic in the presence of sickness, sorrow and death, he was the most constantly consistent Christian I ever knew."

It was the Bishop's custom to be in a parish in time for the morning gathering of the Sunday School and to spend that hour with the children

wherever possible. He had great skill in catechizing and he was a firm believer in the duty of the clergy themselves to teach the children at different intervals and to know them all intimately. The little ones all loved him—Dr. Atwater has remarked that the children of the Diocese of Ohio placed Bishop Leonard next to Santa Claus.

And he was equally considerate of the aged; on the occasion of a visitation, he would try to make calls, so far as possible, upon the confined and he was always inquiring for them and sending them messages when he met their pastors.

THE CATHEDRAL

A GREAT work that faced the young Bishop on his arrival was the building of a cathedral. Trinity Parish, Cleveland, had bought the piece of land on which Trinity Cathedral stands and had selected an architect, Charles F. Schweinfurth, but all the rest of the work remained to be done under the leadership of the new Bishop. The architect had selected the Romanesque style for his building, and the Parish House, in that style, was completed in 1895. But Bishop Leonard strongly desired a Gothic building as being much more expressive of the history and traditions of the Anglican Church. His ideas prevailed, and the Cathedral itself was reared in the Gothic style of the early Perpendicular period. The Bishop was vitally concerned about every detail and his loving interest has left its mark on the structure in numberless ways. Throughout the long period that the cathedral was building daily prayers were said for the work and for the safety of those engaged in it. Bishop Leonard loved to

remark that not one of the workmen suffered any harm. On the completion of the work he gave them a dinner, and they were represented in the stately procession at the Consecration. The whole undertaking was largely pioneer work; the Diocese of Albany was the only one in America that had begun to build a cathedral of English type or that had set up a cathedral organization.

Bishop Leonard felt from the first that an imposing cathedral was almost a necessity. He said over his signature, "The reason for cathedrals in our country is purely missionary—ours is a missionary Church with one actuating thought, viz., the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. The chief missionary under our system is the Bishop of the Diocese . . . He works from a center and that center is the Cathedral Altar." The Bishop sought to interest all the people in the diocese in his undertaking. He said, "Into our noble edifice have been put the gifts, the prayers and the desires of a goodly multitude. The rich and the poor, children and adults, have sent their offerings, so that the building stands, first for our Heavenly Father and then for His dear people." As the building neared its completion, the interest of the people manifested itself in a series of splendid gifts, so that the building was completely furnished forth with all needed appurte-

nances. The Bishop was keen about the quality and the symbolism of every item. He said, "It is a sort of parable in stone. It would teach the young and old that there is a permanence and stability in Christianity, that the faith of the ages without diminution or addition is preserved inviolable; that the open Bible, daily read in the ears of the people, is guarded against foes and held up before the indifferent; and that the Sacraments, in their Scriptural and primitive pureness, are regularly administered . . . It stands in the midst of our great city, the representative of an Apostolic religion in the Christian dispensation. . . . Here may be had those great functions that consecrate the State in her national fasts or feasts, and in her commemoration of events. Here may be had the burial of heroes and statesmen, and men of local renown, with the venerable service and ceremonial that has won the admiration of the generations. We have in every community many kinds of religious methods, but here in such a place, all interests we believe might find a common ground of Christian unity in the ritual and appointed liturgy of our ancient Church; offensive to none and comforting to many."

The Bishop's interest and enthusiasm attracted gifts from distant places; the Bishop of Washington sent for insertion in the font some of the

stones which he had gathered from the bed of the Jordan, and also a piece of the rock from Solomon's Quarry which he had brought to set in the top of his altar. The Bishop of Southwark gave a carved boss from the roof of his ancient Church, which has been set in the ceiling of the Chapel of Trinity. The Bishop of Norwich gave a quantity of ancient stained glass which had remained in the crypt of a Norwich church since it was broken out at the Reformation; this has been ingeniously pieced together and made into the two beautiful windows at the ends of the transept aisle.

The cathedral was consecrated on Tuesday, September 24, 1907, and it was a great day in Bishop Leonard's life. Sixteen Bishops were in the procession. The officers and dignitaries of the diocese were there and the clergy had assembled almost to a man. In front of Bishop Leonard was carried his splendid pastoral staff, the gift of the clergy and laity of the diocese, which had been presented to him in the Parish Hall just before the procession started; he used it for the first time in knocking thrice upon the great oak doors of the building before entrance was made. Bishop Tuttle, venerable Presiding Bishop, was the preacher, and none who heard him could ever forget his eloquent and impressive sermon.

Midway in the consecration service, Bishop Leonard was formally enthroned by the Dean and Archdeacon, and the clergy passing before him paid homage to him in significant action. It was symbolic in a striking way of the fact that in the eighteen years that had elapsed since his coming to Ohio, Bishop Leonard had enthroned himself in the hearts of his clergy and people, that he had, without conscious effort, placed himself in a position of command in the ecclesiastical and spiritual life of his flock, and that he had arrived at a point where all gladly did him reverence.

AT GAMBIER

AN important part of Bishop Leonard's inheritance in taking over the Diocese of Ohio, was the Diocesan educational institution—Kenyon College. Kenyon includes within itself the theological seminary, Bexley Hall. It is located at Gambier, on the southern edge of the diocese. Traditionally, from the days of the great founder, Bishop Chase, the Bishops of Ohio had had a fostering and guiding care over these institutions. Along with them, the Bishop received a more material inheritance in the fine estate of Kokosing, which Bishop Bedell left to him personally, with all its furniture and belongings. The new Bishop was not slow in making himself known and seen in this place.

Lovely Gambier! We wonder if the world contains another spot like it. There, in the hilly country of central Ohio, perched on the crest of a finger-like hill which thrusts out into the rich valley of the Kokosing, stands this little village, bowered in oaks and maples and surrounded by

primeval forest. Its main street is a gravelled path leading for a mile or so along the crest of the ridge; elms and maples on either side overhang it. The middle door of Old Kenyon closes it at one end and the portal of Bexley Hall similarly bars the other. Gray stone college buildings are dotted along a part of its length, and the simple structures of the tiny village border another section. Here and there one catches a vista of the valley far below and of distant hills, blue and purple, beyond. In the early summer the air is laden with the perfume of locust blossoms and of the spicy woodlands which lie close on every hand; and when the sun shines the ground is pink with the little flowers of the spring beauty, or blue with the violets which grow in wild profusion. Birds flit in every tree, and fill the air with their music—wood thrushes, tanagers, Carolina wrens, orioles, are seen and heard everywhere. And theirs is not the only music; as the evening closes down, the music of the wood birds is interrupted by the singing of men—student groups passing up and down the path break into harmonious song and lend a new touch of romance to the spot. One of the college songs describes it exactly:

"There's a straight, broad path in old Gambier town
And it runs for a mile or more

From Kenyon College up and down,
And it ends at Bexley's door;
And the maple trees reach over the path,
And the men as they walk along
In the shade by day, or the moonlight's ray
Fill the air with their genial song."

The first money for the building of Kenyon came from England; the funds for the construction of Bexley Hall were raised in England, and the plans for both these buildings were made there; all of the local names—Kenyon, Bexley, Harcourt, Rosse, Gambier—are names of English benefactors; English Collegiate Gothic is the style adopted in the buildings, and some of them are remarkably fine specimens of it; English ivy, brought from Melrose Abbey and from Lord Kenyon's country seat, drapes many of the buildings; chimes that ring the quarter hours are familiar to all who know England. The whole atmosphere of the place is redolent of our old home.

The Bishop's seat, Kokosing, is a spacious country place with two entrance gates; long drives lead in before the house comes into view. It is a warm-colored stone structure, situated in the midst of velvety green lawns, just where the hill plunges down to the bank of the little river. Vistas, cut through the forest, give glimpses of valley and stream below, of distant blue hills, and of the belfry

of Old Kenyon. The house is bowered in climbing roses which, at commencement time, are always a mass of pink bloom, and the aspect of this place, too, suggests England rather than America. Bishop Leonard loved to tell that when Richard Watson Gilder, poet and editor, came to be his guest for a few days, he said to the Bishop, "I cannot get over my amazement at this piece of old England set down here in the midst of Ohio." Bishop and Mrs. Leonard were keenly sensible of the old-world charm of the place, and almost from the first they made Kokosing their summer home.

Kenyon College has noble traditions; it was founded by a sturdy hero, Philander Chase, who carved out a place for it in the pristine wilderness.

"He climbed the hill and said a prayer.
And founded Kenyon College there."

The College went through long years of struggle but its ideals were always high. It has stood from the start for an education that aims at culture rather than at bread-winning ability, and today it undertakes to turn out cultured and refined gentlemen, rather than specialists. It tries to make sure that its graduates shall speak and write flexible, expressive, and polished English. The college body has always been kept small (the limit is 250 men) and there is very large contact

between faculty members and students. A charming social life prevails in the Gambier homes and the students are all keen about these faculty friendships and intimacies. So it comes about that the typical Kenyon man has an easy and winning address, that he possesses charming manners, and that he can converse—or at least talk—on a variety of interesting topics. Kenyon reckons among her alumni a surprising number of men who have been conspicuous in public life—judges, cabinet officers, bishops, senators, representatives and business administrators. She is proud that President Hayes came back during his term to lay his laurels at the feet of his Alma Mater, saying that whatever he was he owed to her; she is proud that Stanton, Lincoln's great War Secretary, said that whatever ability he had in debate was won in the halls of Kenyon College. Wise patriotism, open-eyed interest in public affairs, and a deep loyalty to our American institutions are the characteristics of the Kenyon man.

Life there is very simple compared with the student life in the large universities. All the men live together in the three dormitories; they start out and return home together along the Middle Path; they sit at table together three times a day in the great dining hall. Their recreations they

provide for themselves, except for an occasional lecture or recital which is brought in from the outside. They live without a picture show, a vaudeville hall, or a trolley line. But, they do have a quiet, a calm, an academic atmosphere which it would be hard to match in the colleges of our land. It is a place for thought, for wrestling with the problems of life, for the making of deep friendships; a place for long strolls through the forests and the fields with an intimate, for exalted moments alone under the stars, for quiet periods before the altar in the Chapel. The short daily services of prayer and song, with the whole student body present, though they seem to be lightly regarded, make a deep impress on the minds of most men. Visions of life's possibilities, and earnest resolutions for the achievement of them, are stimulated in the serious student. But the surface life of Kenyon College is full of youthful gaiety and frivolity. Billiards, tennis, golf, and cards fill up the leisure time; fraternity doings are a large element in the life of a student; all sorts of amusing stunts and pranks develop; amateur theatricals and light operas make their appearance occasionally; and there are dances now and then for which sweethearts and friends are brought in from the home towns. The student life captivates all who have a part in it

and the ardent love of undergraduates and alumni for their Alma Mater is one of the notable features of the college.

Into this life, Bishop and Mrs. Leonard entered heart and soul. They took over Kokosing, with its Victorian furnishings and decorations, and they delighted in preserving its somewhat quaint atmosphere. An extensive rose garden was planted, a carriage was set up, water and electricity were brought in, and the old house teemed with life. The Bishop removed to Gambier each year in May and he stayed until the leaves were off the trees and the frosty nights were giving warning of winter. In term time, spring and fall, luncheons and dinner parties were almost daily events. Students, faculty people, and villagers were always free to run in for a friendly call. The Bishop was frequently in the Chapel and everybody soon came to know him. A former Kenyon student writes, "I knew Bishop Leonard only by sight though I lived not far from Kokosing Manor—I knew him only as I had seen him passing our house with his big collie or as I saw him in his pontificals at some Kenyon ceremony, yet I am a little better for having known him even so slightly." Bishop Leonard was a real influence in the lives of Kenyon men, through the forty years of his residence there.

Soon after Bishop Leonard's coming to Ohio, William Foster Peirce had been made President of Kenyon College and a new era in its history had begun. President Peirce was young, full of vigor, a man of vision and withal a man of practical sense, an executive of unusual skill. Like the great founder,

> ". . . he worked with all his might
> For Kenyon College day and night."

and the thirty-five years of his administration have seen the college growing in numbers, rebuilt in splendid solidity, and increasing each year in the appreciation and affection of its constituency. In all this work he had a devoted supporter and inspirer in Bishop Leonard. Kenyon College was very near to the Bishop's heart and he never ceased his efforts in her behalf. He used his large influence to draw men of note and of power to Kenyon as lecturers, as trustees, as visitors, and his own enthusiasm communicated itself to many of these men, and made of them warm supporters of the work and ideals of the college.

A close intimacy grew up between President Peirce and Bishop Leonard, and this intimacy and companionship came to be a great source of joy to both. The two men seemed to belong alike to the college and they stand together in the affection of the growing band of alumni.

The family life at Gambier was full of charm. House guests were more frequent there, even, than they were in Cleveland and to many, Kokosing seemed the real home of Bishop and Mrs. Leonard. His relatives preferred to visit him there and one or another of them was frequently a part of the delightful gatherings at his home.

Mrs. Leonard was a wonderful hostess—indeed, she was a wonderful woman in every way. No one could possibly give an account of Bishop Leonard without including her in it, she was so completely woven in with his life, his plans and his doings. She was possessed of exquisite taste and tact and while she never intruded herself, she was always at hand to assist him. Her memory for faces and names was as remarkable as his own and she, too, was known to a great number of people through the diocese. Many who knew them well would say that she was the very ideal of a Bishop's wife. Her death in 1916 was a terrible blow to the Bishop. He was in attendance at the General Convention when the news reached him that Mrs. Leonard, who was a patient in a sanatarium at Watkins Glen, New York, had taken a turn for the worse. One of his devoted laymen accompanied him on his rapid journey to her bed-side. She was conscious and he administered the last rites and had opportunity for words

of farewell. She died at Watkins and her funeral, attended by a vast throng of people, was held in Trinity Cathedral a few days later. Those who were present can never forget the look on the Bishop's face as he, walking alone, followed the casket toward the altar—a look of overpowering grief, tempered by Christian fortitude and hope. His sorrow was as profound as the human heart can experience but his belief in immortality, and in a ruling Power, enabled him to carry on. Up to the end of his life, he maintained both homes just as Mrs. Leonard had done, and he attended to all his numberless duties as before. Said he to an intimate, as he sat waiting one evening in a railway station, "I have lost not only my dear companion and the joy of my life, but I have lost the best helper that a man ever had. She knew every detail of my work, and I never took any important step or wrote an important letter without consulting her. Many are the times that she has persuaded me to destroy a letter and to try again. Her judgment and intuition were well-nigh infallible."

A fine photograph of Mrs. Leonard stood upon a table in each of the Bishop's homes, and from her death to the end of his life he always kept a fresh and beautiful rose in a small vase by the portrait. And when he was in the city he

rarely failed to pay a daily visit to her tomb in the crypt of the Cathedral. He had built and furnished an exquisite little chapel there, which he called "The Chamber of Peace", and this was, for him, a place of regular prayer and meditation.

Mrs. Leonard's personality was extraordinary. She was beautiful of face and figure, and her bearing was noble and impressive. She had a peculiarly sweet and well-modulated voice, and her tact and charm of manner put everyone at ease. At a royal garden party in London, during one of the Lambeth Conferences, the Queen graciously engaged her in conversation. As she stood there chatting with the first lady of the world, a group of American Bishops who stood by said to Bishop Leonard, "No one in this great group of royalty and nobles looks more the princess than does your wife." Said Dr. George Atwater of her in an anniversary address in Cleveland in 1920, "It would be ungracious on this occasion to fail to refer to Mrs. Leonard. With her refined and gracious nature, her strong but gentle personality, her cordial and hospitable manner, her unselfishness, her high ideals, her cheerfulness, her sound judgment, her zeal in good works, her real discipleship in Christ, Mrs. Leonard inspired an affectionate regard and a confidence, the value of which to this diocese it is impossible to estimate or appraise."

A large part of Bishop Leonard's interest while at Gambier was given to Bexley Hall. On his coming to the diocese, he had found Bexley Hall practically closed. There was one student only, and he was in residence in the college at the other end of the hill; the remnant of the faculty was principally occupied with college teaching. One of the new Bishop's first efforts was to find candidates for the ministry and to send them to Bexley. In the course of a few years he had a goodly class of men there, and he had added to the faculty until it was complete. He had set up an altar in the oriel window in the library of the seminary, and had inaugurated daily Prayer Book services and weekly Celebrations. A little later on, at his own cost, he opened up and transformed into a chapel two of the student rooms on the ground floor. Under his leadership suitable chapel furniture was given and various needed improvements were made to the building and equipment. Bexley and its group of young men lay very near his heart; he felt that the discovery and training of suitable men for the ministry was a vitally important part of a Bishop's work. From the time of his first contact with this work he was rigidly insistent that all of his candidates for the ministry should go for their training to the seminary of the diocese. He often said that he wanted his

young men where he could lecture to them himself and where he could learn to know them intimately through frequent contact. Up to the last year of his life he gave annually two courses of lectures at Bexley; in the autumn he lectured to the Juniors on the Book of Acts, making it a course on Church Polity; in the spring he lectured to the Seniors on Pastoral Theology. Both of these courses, as has been said, were based on the notes he had taken from the lips of Bishop Williams when he himself was a student.

Attendance on these lectures was an experience that could never be forgotten by anyone who had had the privilege. The Bishop's manner was friendly and informal and his talk was constantly illuminated by flashes of wit. He was direct and business-like in treating his material—he got along through it rapidly—but he frequently paused to relate some amusing incident in his own ministry or to drive home his point with a pungent illustration. "In baptizing the children of your parish," he said once, "do not be persuaded to wait until they are big enough to argue the matter with you; I was once called on to baptize a baby that had reached five years. He began to kick and thrash around when the time came to transfer him to my arms, and he finally escaped to the floor and ran between my legs. The family

had to chase him about and catch him before the ceremony could be completed."

In urging his young men not to be timid in going about their work, he said, "When I was a young priest in Washington, I had in my congregation a Justice of the Supreme Court who had never been confirmed. He was an imposing and venerable man and I naturally shrank from approaching him on the subject, saying to myself that he had probably been asked about it by my predecessors and had refused. But I couldn't rest easy in the matter, and I finally went to him and managed to blurt out the question, 'Would you not like to be confirmed?' 'Of course I would,' he replied, his eyes filling, 'but you are the first person who has ever mentioned the matter to me.' I gave him the Catechism to read, by way of preparation, and he presently returned it to me saying that he had read it twice through and that he regarded it as one of the most impressive and remarkable documents that he had ever seen. To have given way to my natural timidity would have robbed the old man of a gift that he desired."

On another occasion, speaking of the details of funeral arrangements, he warned his hearers that pall bearers should be strong men who are equal to carrying the heavy burden easily and safely. "Don't allow doddering old neighbors and school

boys to be drafted in this capacity—they can be made honorary bearers if it seems advisable. For the actual work of carrying the casket, strong men should be brought in—hired if necessary. I recall an incident which illustrates this. Bishop Whittingham, one of the grand old men of our Church, lived to a very great age and he passed away in a town in New Jersey while I was a young man. All the churchmen of that part of the country turned out to his funeral and I went with the rest. Priests who had served under him were selected as the pall bearers and they entered the church toiling and moiling with the weight of the heavy casket. At the chancel step they began to have difficulty—one of them misstepped and slipped. The others tottered, the bier was tilted, and the coffin fell to the floor. The dismayed congregation had to watch those vested priests scrambling about on the floor and struggling to lift the casket and replace it. It was a terrible incident, but someone afterwards relieved the situation a little by remarking that it was the first time that any of his clergy had succeeded in upsetting Bishop Whittingham."

He used to maintain that anyone who followed his instructions with some exactness would have a successful ministry. Success, he felt, was much more a matter of industry and devotion than of

gifts. The man who would be busy for a part of the day in his study, who would go about every afternoon among his people, who would work with the children in the Sunday school, and who would know all and bear them in his heart, was sure of winning real success in his life work in the ministry. Said he on one occasion, after confirming the wife of the County Judge in a small town parish, "My dear Rector, I want to congratulate you on the remarkable progress of this parish during the thirty-five years that you have been working here; the whole town seems to be coming your way—at any rate, all of the more thoughtful and intelligent people." Said the Rector, "Oh, Bishop Leonard, this isn't because of anything I have done. I haven't been out after any of these people." "Of course not", replied the Bishop, "but you have been leading the people in the devotions of the Church and in her teaching, quietly, steadily, without sensation of any kind, for all these years, and the result is bound to follow."

His instructions were delightfully terse. Here are a few extracts: "A Pastorate should be not too long, not too short; the latter is the more unfortunate." "Don't be tempted by calls with additional income; rather try to augment income by increasing constituency." In visiting the sick, "on the way to the sick room, pray. Talk directly

to the patient; go at your work directly, as the Doctor does." "Infectious diseases—never be afraid, never hesitate; be cautious, however." In relation to the Sunday school, "Child work is foundation work; the parish without it is a house built on sand." "Catechizing, an essential pastoral duty; once a month in Church; wear vestments." In regard to sermons he instructs: "spiritual, rarely polemical, always practical; neither too long nor too short; earnest, vivacious manner; don't preach politics; don't play the critic before common people; don't attempt to know more than the Church; don't dogmatize on open questions; don't use big words—people won't have any idea what you are talking about if you use theological terms." In reference to the priest in the community, he says, "he is to be known as having the general welfare of his town at heart; he must, however, avoid meddling in local quarrels and politics. The priest is sworn to this Church—not to Methodist, Roman or Presbyterian; he is not to be narrow but frankly broad—broad in heart, not in a weak theology." He warns the priest, "wear clean vestments, and put them on correctly." In general, "the priest must be careful about little things—dress, behavior, conversation, habits; for he is watched by all." He says again, "be intimate with none but

friendly with all." His plan for the priest's day is severe. Not many, probably, are able to follow it; but, what a splendid ideal! He says, "Be in your study every day from nine to one o'clock, in church building if possible; read regularly; many clergy fall into merely desultory reading. Answer the need of maintaining a strong mental force by hard and regular courses of study—not spasmodic spurts. Study for the people—that is, always have constructive courses to present to them; we want instructing clergy. Read annually some book of the Old or New Testament in the original, making your own commentary. Read annually some work in Systematic Divinity—study the Anglican Fathers. Read annually some epoch in Church History, with its contemporary Secular History. Read annually a volume of Bampton Lectures."

These monitions came with the greater force because Bishop Leonard appeared to carry them out in his own life. His daily conversation threw a strong light on his reading and one could not fail to note how far removed he was from the flood of evanescent books that the press is constantly pouring forth. He remarked once with satisfaction, "I have just finished today re-reading Liddon's Bampton Lectures on the Incarnation and the book is as great as ever." He was a great reader of biography and he seemed never to

be without some weighty biographical work, the reading of which filled a part of the study time of each day. But he did not confine himself altogether to weighty reading; he instructed his priests to keep their evenings for lighter reading and for social intercourse, and he himself seemed generally to have some interesting novel in hand. He was very enthusiastic over the novels of De Morgan and he read each one as it came out. He also followed along through the novels of Locke, enjoying their sparkle and optimism and regretting a certain deterioration toward the end. Indeed, he often indicated regret over the trend of fiction in the last years of his life, expressing the conviction that contemporary writers got very far away from the real minds and lives of the people. Some people might retaliate that the dear Bishop himself got out of touch with life and thought in the latter years of his life, but this was hardly true. He always had young people about him, both in town and at Gambier and he was diligent in drawing out their aspirations and opinions. But he was, quite frankly, conservative. He would often say, "You know I am a mid-Victorian—and I think I am in pretty good company; Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Pusey, Newman—these are not insignificant men; match them today, if you can!"

Bishop Leonard's whole attitude toward the Christian priesthood, as he spoke of it in his lectures at Bexley, as he illustrated it in his own life, and as he prepared candidates for ordination, was of a nature to impress men with a sense of its importance, its dignity, its holiness. His ordinations to the diaconate took place regularly in the Chapel of Kenyon College as a part of the Commencement programme. On the day preceding he spent a period with his candidates in prayer, instruction and meditation, seeking to prepare them for the reception of the great gift. For a long period of years more than half the priests of the Diocese of Ohio have been graduates of Bexley Hall and ordinands of Bishop Leonard. Beyond question, a large part of his formative influence in ecclesiastical affairs was exerted through these men, through his teaching of them, and his influence over them. He loved to say that the men of Bexley Hall were equal in all respects to any priests in the American Church; that they were constantly picked away from him by dioceses which knew a good thing when they saw it; no doubt a goodly part of the equipment of these Ohio-made priests was bestowed upon them by the Bishop himself. Most of them realize that he has been a large formative influence in their lives.

The Diocese of Southern Ohio has an equal

part with the northern diocese in the affairs of Bexley Hall and Kenyon College. Bishop Vincent, through all these years has also been a lecturer there, his subject being the Pastoral Epistles. His influence, too, has been strong on Gambier Hill for sincerity, earnestness and piety. He, too, has brought to Bexley the strain of Connecticut Churchmanship and of Bishop Williams' powerful influence. He and Bishop Leonard were the closest friends from Berkeley days onward and they always worked together at Gambier in warm affection and complete confidence. One recalls that when Bishop Leonard was elected to Ohio, Bishop Vincent, himself only a few months a Bishop, sent a telegram reading, "God bless you, Billy—we are giving you the best diocese in the American Church." The magnificent sermon that Bishop Vincent preached at the celebration of Bishop Leonard's fortieth anniversary is remembered with satisfaction and joy by all who heard it. It was a wonderful thing to think of, as one saw these two aged and powerful apostles together, that they had been close friends throughout their lives and had worked side by side in perfect cooperation for forty years in the Episcopate. Bishop Vincent's nearness and affection were always a source of satisfaction and happiness to Bishop Leonard.

IN THE PROVINCE OF THE MID-WEST

BISHOP LEONARD'S Episcopate covered the whole period of the struggle of our rapidly growing Church to organize itself on provincial lines. It was keenly felt that the General Convention was too cumbersome and too infrequent in its meetings to allow it to deal justly with many of the affairs of the Church which, though not of first importance, still needed attention. The first experiment was with "Missionary Districts"; while these served a purpose they were not sufficient, and at length a provincial organization was undertaken. At the first meeting of the representatives of the Fifth Province, Bishop Leonard was chosen to preside and he necessarily wielded a large influence in the formation of the Province and in the conduct of its affairs. He was retained as President through a long period of years. He used to say with amusement that he had been an Archbishop for one night. When the Synod was discussing the best title for its presiding officer, there was a strong argument for fol-

lowing the English precedent and calling the head of the province, the Archbishop. It was finally decided to use the corresponding Scottish title, "Primus." The legislation was passed in the late afternoon and Bishop Leonard became the Primus. But next morning some timid souls, perhaps fearful of a budding papacy, moved to reconsider and call the head of the province its "President" after the good American fashion. This action was taken and so Bishop Leonard, although he continued in the Presidency, was Primus for one night only.

He was an excellent presiding officer; he was eminently fair to all and he permitted none to have too large a part in the deliberations, calling the time limit without mercy, and even sometimes suggesting that a speaker should "sit down." In the meetings of the Synod and in his own Convention as well, he always kept matters well in hand and he frankly guided the proceedings in such a way as to keep important things uppermost and to work for the dispatch of business. He was keenly interested himself in what was done and he tried to stimulate like interest in all who were concerned. In his own Convention he was often heard to say, before the election of some important official, "Gentlemen, let us realize that our business is to choose the best man

for the place—first of all one who can and will attend to the work, and secondly one whose training and experience fit him for the place. This is no time to urge the representation of this or that city in the Diocese, or to flatter your rector with a complimentary nomination; we ought to devote ourselves to choosing the best man." He was always insistent that one who had allowed his name to go through in nomination was not at liberty to withdraw, but must serve if elected, and he had many amusing encounters with certain ones who opposed this ruling. He did not take the trouble to commit to memory all the minutiae of parliamentary law but he always tried to have at hand someone who did know these details. In conducting the affairs of Convention or Synod, he depended much upon his Secretary, his Chancellor and his Committee on the Dispatch of Business, but he was never dominated by anyone.

In Provincial matters, he endeavored to make as much as possible of the Province and he favored the handing over of increased powers by the General Convention. He regarded the Provincial Synod as a needed and valuable means of expression of the mind of the Church. He desired that his Diocese should send to it men of poise and wisdom and he was insistent that those selected should attend. Ohio has always been represented,

in the clerical order at least, by a full delegation and many times she has had her complement of laymen.

When the Synod was meeting at Racine, as it regularly did for a number of years, Bishop Leonard delighted to lead the assembled company out from the beautiful old chapel and through the grounds to the grave of DeKoven; there he would lead in memorial prayers and thanksgivings for that great Apostle of the Faith, that Saint who, in the days of the ritualist controversy had suffered a kind of martyrdom at the hands of the bishops, when they rejected him after he had been elected to the Episcopate. Bishop Leonard used to say that he took great satisfaction in this little pilgrimage as a kind of act of reparation. He felt it a very significant thing that the Church had come to a point where the whole of this great Province could unite in such a memorial.

IN THE NATIONAL CHURCH

BISHOP LEONARD lived through a period of unrest, anxiety and readjustment in the Church, and, indeed, in the whole intellectual and religious world. His life covered the time of the great controversy over Evolution and its bearing on religious truth; he saw the disturbances wrought by the writings of the Tuebingen School and of Renan and Strauss, and he lived through the years of seething controversy which followed. Three notable heresy trials came to the Church as an echo of these movements, and two of them were centered in his own diocese. Through them all he lived and worked serene and unshaken. Referring to these movements in one of his convention addresses he said, "The vast and irresistible river of Truth moves along its appointed bed, and these ephemeral, temporary commotions are but so many signals of warning and danger that perhaps, if recognized, may be blessed to the Church. Fear not for Truth and God's Church." He was sometimes heard to say "People tell me that

religion and the Church are in the midst of a terrible crisis, but I have never lived through a year when it was not said that religion and the Church were up against a crisis. These critical situations are always survived, the Truth always comes through unscathed." Such faith, such optimism, were bound to be a power not only in his diocese but in the whole Church.

As he gained in years he became more and more an influence and a power in the National Church. Bishop Lawrence wrote on one occasion, "Bishop Leonard has the respect of the House of Bishops for high character, good judgment and modest spirit . . . when he expresses an opinion, it has distinct weight in the House." His position was, of course, that of a conservative. The Church will never realize fully what it owes to the conservatives; wild legislative schemes, unsound methods and movements, ill-considered developments in the liturgy—all of these have been ineffective because of the stand taken by the conservatives. Bishop Leonard was not unfriendly to development, improvement, advance, but a plan or proposal had to have the quality of good sense, practicability, and soundness before it could gain his voice and his vote. In one of the diocesan conventions during the last Prayer Book revision, he said to the people, speaking of the doings of

the recent General Convention, "You will want me to say something about Prayer book revision; it is making progress, and I do not think that any injury has been done to the dear old book thus far. It might interest you to know that up to this time I have voted against every proposal for change." This announcement was greeted with a ripple of laughter—as the Bishop knew it would be—but his people were all glad to realize that there were balance wheels in the machinery of the Church which would prevent any wild lurches or smashes as she progresses down the road of time. The Bishop was often heard to remark on the value of conservative balance wheels in vestries. "They can never hinder real progress," he would say, "but they do keep things steady, and they prevent the putting through of reckless proposals and hare-brained ideas."

Bishop Leonard witnessed two revisions of the Prayer Book. During the first he was a deputy to the General Convention from the Diocese of Maryland, and through the second he sat with the House of Bishops. Both were, of course, intensely interesting to him and he was appreciative of all the gains made in each revision; but he was also enthusiastically appreciative of the usefulness and beauty of the book as we had it.

Beginning in 1897 Bishop Leonard was for nine

years in charge of the American Episcopal Churches on the Continent of Europe. The appointment came from the Presiding Bishop and it was a token of the esteem in which he was held by the National Church. He visited these churches four times during the period, proceeding in a leisurely way and spending time enough with each congregation and rector to come into real contact with problems and conditions and to add some element of encouragement and inspiration. He was peculiarly fitted for this office and there was much regret when he thought it wise to relinquish it.

Toward the end of his life Bishop Leonard was twice Presiding Bishop. While this office is elective, the Canons make provision that if the Presiding Bishop die during his term of office, the Senior Bishop in years of service shall succeed. In a very dramatic way Bishop Leonard came into office under this provision. The House of Bishops was holding a meeting at Atlantic City. A late afternoon session had taken up the matter of the resignation of Bishop Vincent; many thought that the resignation should not be accepted, but in deference to his own pressure and that of his Standing Committee he was allowed to resign. There was a motion for reconsideration and next morning the Presiding Bishop, Bishop Murray,

was about to announce his decision as to the possibility of reconsideration, when his voice failed and he fell forward upon his desk. Those who rushed up to him found him insensible, and a physician who was hastily summoned pronounced him dead. Bishop Leonard had sat near and had witnessed the tragic event. He was presently called into an anteroom and asked to sign certain papers as Presiding Bishop; "I am not the Presiding Bishop," he exclaimed, "Bishop Vincent is the Senior." But Bishop Vincent's resignation had just been accepted and Bishop Leonard found himself forced, all at once, into that position of responsibility and power. The shock was very great; the Bishop told a friend afterwards that he was literally unable to breathe for a time, and that he was glad to accept the help of his Coadjutor in getting to his hotel. It was proposed that he should accept the office during the unexpired term of Bishop Murray but he refused to do this and consented to serve only until the House of Bishops could be called to elect a successor. This was done, and a few months later the Bishop of Chicago, Bishop Anderson, was elected. Bishop Leonard felt a great relief and he was very happy over the choice made. He yielded to the persuasions of friends and went, with some of his Cleveland neighbors, for a sea voyage—a leisurely

tour of the Caribbean. During the voyage he was shocked to learn by radio that Bishop Anderson had suddenly expired and that he had again succeeded to the office of Presiding Bishop. He sent by radiogram his directions for the assembling of another meeting of the House of Bishops, and presently he presided for a second time through an election of a successor. The strain of these experiences was very great; it was felt by many that they were a contributory cause in shortening his life.

LAST YEARS

WHEN Bishop Leonard had reached sixty-five years of age, when he was entering upon the twenty-fifth year of his Episcopate, he asked for a coadjutor. He was in robust health at the time and he took pains to explain that he did not ask for help on the ground of old age or failing powers; the work had grown so great that he felt that its vigorous maintenance and extension required the assistance of a helper and a younger man. The Reverend Frank DuMoulin, Dean of his cathedral, was elected, and was consecrated January 8, 1914. Bishop DuMoulin moved to Toledo and began active work, but almost at once he experienced a nervous breakdown which sent him into a hospital and resulted in a long absence from the diocese. From this illness he did not entirely recover. His physicians prescribed two yearly vacations. After ten years of active work he resigned his office on the ground of ill health, and he has since that time been occupied with parish work in an eastern diocese.

The Reverend Warren Lincoln Rogers, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit, was elected to succeed the resigned coadjutor, and he was consecrated in that cathedral April 30, 1925. Bishop Leonard had not known him, but before his acceptance of the election Dean Rogers came to Cleveland to visit Bishop Leonard and he at once gained his confidence and affection by his sincere and forceful personality, and by the assurance which he gave that, if he accepted the election, he would do his best to conform himself to Bishop Leonard's ideals, and to the traditions of the diocese. Throughout his first five years in the diocese his cooperation has been so whole-hearted and so fine, his work has been so powerful and effective, that Bishop Leonard came to feel that he was more like a son than a brother official. He was a great support and comfort to Bishop Leonard through these years, and the whole diocese has learned to love and trust him.

As the years wore on Bishop Leonard relinquished more and more of his work; in health and intellectual vigor he seemed to fail very little until the final illness seized him in June, 1930. He presided over the convention in May with his accustomed spirit, humor and skill. He celebrated at the cathedral altar on the first morning and his voice and bearing gave no indication of

failing powers. It was noticed, however, that he did not attend on the second day, leaving the chair to his coadjutor for the rather wearisome elections which fill that day's proceedings.

He removed to Gambier as usual, and he was planning to carry on his customary activities there. As he was making his preparations for a trip to Mt. Vernon to hold a confirmation service in St. Paul's Church, he was seized with a severe heart attack, from which he never recovered. President Peirce persuaded him to go into the Mercy Hospital at Mt. Vernon for care and observation and he lay ill there through the commencement exercises of 1930. Certain older priests were allowed to see him from day to day, and to them he lamented his arrival at the end of his active work; he did not fear death and did not feel that it was near, but he was saddened by the thought that he should be able to work no more for his beloved diocese. Said he, with brimming eyes, to one who brought a message of devoted love from a layman in one of the villages of the diocese, "Thanks for this; this is a ray of light through the gloom."

Some amendment took place and he was removed to Kokosing, where, at times, he was able to walk about the grounds and to take the air in his automobile. He was supported throughout by

the ministrations and sympathy of Mrs. Leonard's niece, Miss Florence Sullivan, who had been accustomed to act as hostess in his home from time to time and to travel with him during the summer. She was like a devoted daughter from the time of Mrs. Leonard's death onward.

As the end approached his mind grew confused at times, and he would have periods of talking very rapidly; but his ramblings were always about his clergy and their problems and he constantly spoke in praise of them and uttered prayers for them. Said he again and again, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

The end came on Sunday, September 21, 1930, Saint Matthew's Day, at five in the afternoon. He had passed into a coma some hours before, and his life was quietly breathed away as the sun went down over the hills and valleys that he loved so much.

The funeral was held on Thursday in Trinity Cathedral, beginning with a Requiem in the morning, and concluding with the Burial Office at three o'clock in the afternoon. The body had been brought to the cathedral the afternoon before, following upon a service held in the house at Gambier; the clergy of the city of Cleveland kept vigil by the casket throughout the night and

the following day. The interment was in a tomb beneath the altar which Bishop Leonard had prepared at the building of the cathedral for the reception of Mrs. Leonard's body and his own. Great throngs of people were in attendance and it was obvious to any beholder that all felt a deep sense of bereavement, and that mourning was universal. No addresses were made in connection with the obsequies, but memorial sermons were preached in the churches of the diocese on succeeding Sundays. These addresses, and the utterances of the press, laid emphasis upon the great achievements of the departed Bishop, and upon his winning personality and saintly character.

CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY

ONE who has read the foregoing pages must have formed a pretty definite idea of Bishop Leonard's character. A man's influence with his fellows rests more upon his character than upon anything else, and this was especially true of the late Bishop of Ohio. He was successful in numberless undertakings but he did not win by argument, by strenuousness, by noise—least of all by falling back upon authority. His victories were victories of character, of quiet persuasiveness, of sincerity, fairness, goodness and kindliness.

Perhaps the most notable of his traits was his simple piety, his child-like faith, his constant leaning upon Divine power and benevolence. This trait was manifested in a hundred ways. One who was a guest in the house felt it keenly in the family prayers which began each day; family, domestics, and guests assembled after the morning meal, and the Bishop read a goodly passage from Scripture, explaining here and there as he went as occasion seemed to suggest. Then all knelt and

the Bishop prayed, and prayed most affectingly for several minutes. At Kokosing, he always used Bishop Bedell's old book of Family Prayers which he had found there and which had evidently been used for many years before his coming. It was couched in Addisonian English, but it was penetrated by a deep feeling of piety and personal responsibility. To these book-prayers, he often added extemporized prayer of his own; and he was a master of extempore prayer. Few of those in the religious bodies which traditionally use free prayer could compare with him in simplicity, earnestness, and a ready flow of suitable words.

The same piety shone out on more formal occasions—in his saying of the Offices of the Church, in his sermons and in his convention addresses. Those who had occasion to consult him about spiritual matters discovered this deep well of piety and faith in his dealing with them. He believed in God, and the presence and love of God were never-failing realities with him. Nothing was thought or said or done without a consciousness on his part of this presence and help. One might mention also that he believed in a personal devil. He used to say sometimes, "I cannot get along without a belief in a personal devil; because that is the only way I can account for the awful things people do sometimes."

If piety was the most conspicuous element in Bishop Leonard's character, humility was not far second to it. He always had a low estimate of his own powers and his own accomplishments. While he was not unaware of the remarkable advances which were achieved under his hand, he always attributed them to Divine goodness and to the co-operation and devoted work of his clergy and people. In replying to the congratulatory addresses made at one of his anniversaries, he said: "After I have listened with some embarrassment, and without any false humility, to the statements made, I frankly confess to the fact that I have hardly recognized myself. There is nothing in the least unreal in this expression. I have really been amazed at the estimates that have been presented of the qualities which I may possess but of which I am certainly unconscious . . . When you picture forth, so eloquently and poetically, impressions that you say I have made upon you, I want to assure you that I have been totally and absolutely unconscious of making any such impressions, or of attracting to myself any such esteem. I am, indeed, conscious of the fact that God has enriched my endeavors; I am certainly in a state of realizing what you have done, and how absolutely impossible it is for me to do without you, and therefore whatever has been said about me

tonight must reflect back upon you, one and all. I have felt the inspiration of your presence, I have felt the glow and gladness of your unstinted aid, of what you have been and of what you are; I have known what it all meant, you with me, and I with you, and we with God."

The Bishop always begged those in charge of any anniversary observances (and there were many of them throughout his long Episcopate) not to present him with anything and not to arrange for laudatory addresses to which he would have to reply. "It makes me feel like a fool," he would say, "to sit up there and hear myself praised, and by the time it is over I am so moved and so embarrassed that I can't find a sensible word to say." But people could not be restrained from voicing their affection on such occasions, and they loved to hear the Bishop stammer through his embarrassed acknowledgments.

Both Bishop and Mrs. Leonard were characterized by a heart humility which showed itself in a sincere interest in lowly people, calling forth toward them many gracious and kindly acts which had no savor of charity or condescension. Humble neighbors, employees and their children, chance acquaintances, knew them well and enjoyed informal chats with them. Said a woman: "I know your Bishop—we are good friends;

when I am taking my little dog out for a walk in the morning I often meet him taking out his big dog, and we stop and compare notes on dogs."

Along with piety and humility went a sturdiness of principle which governed his mental life and his actions. This principle was held with unswerving fidelity, and no one who knew him at all could be ignorant of what it was. Religion and the Church always came first with him and he never for a monent could make them subservient to the easy-going ways of the world or to the demands of fashionable society. Back in the Washington days occurred an incident which illustrates the point. The wife of a Cabinet officer asked him to baptize her baby at her palatial home, in connection with a great reception with which she planned to celebrate the event. "Is the child ill?" said Dr. Leonard. "Not at all," replied the lady. "Why do you ask?" "Because the Prayer Book suggests no other reason for transferring the Church ceremony to a private house. My dear lady, you have it in your power to help or hinder me greatly in this matter; I beg you not to ask me to baptize the child in your home. Bring it to the Church, and ask all your friends to come there. Have whatever festivity you desire at your home afterwards, and I shall be very glad to go there and take part in it, if you desire."

The surprised lady gave way, and the Church was helped by a solemn service attended by the President, Cabinet officers, foreign diplomats and many other prominent people. It took courage in the young priest to stand up in this way but it was characteristic of him throughout his life.

Sturdy principle was, however, tempered in his make-up by a kindliness and a breadth of view which always left room for one who differed from him and which softened any condemnation that he found it necessary to utter. Instance after instance might be given; early in his Episcopate he was obliged to bring to trial a priest who published a volume in which he proclaimed his rejection of the doctrines of the resurrection and the virgin birth. Bishop Leonard conferred with him and asked him to go slowly, to think well, and not to be too rash about printing conclusions that he might later on wish to change. The priest would not yield an inch. The Bishop then urged him to take a vacation of a year for further thought and study, offering to continue his salary from his own means. The man refused and practically challenged ecclesiastical trial. The world at large, of course, never knew of the Bishop's gentleness and kindliness in the matter.

Transparent sincerity was another outstanding characteristic of Bishop Leonard; when he spoke

people knew exactly what he meant, and they learned to know that he would not swerve from it, in any presence or under any circumstances. His whole makeup was opposed to the common insincerities of the world—bluff, pretense, affectation. He seemed to go out of his way sometimes to make himself clear, by short words, terse statements, and even by current slang expressions, so anxious was he not to seem "high-brow" or over-nice, and so determined was he to make himself understood. Bishop Leonard was a convinced churchman; he believed that the Church which he represented was descended by tangible line from our Lord and His Apostles. He believed that it held to the faith and the practices of the Apostolic Church; he believed that separation from it was a mistake and was contrary to God's plan and will. But, with all this, his breadth of view made him perfectly cognizant of the position of those who differed from him, and his gentleness and fairness made him kindly and considerate of them. The prominent men of the various denominations were all his warm friends, and many times they were his intimates. They were present in numbers on the occasions of his various anniversaries and he received numberless invitations to speak in their gatherings, invitations which he rarely felt that he could accept. Dr. Charles F.

Thwing, the President of Western Reserve University, once said of him, "He respects men and he is, by men of all sorts and conditions, respected. Someone said of Archbishop Temple that he was rough but that he was straight. Of Bishop Leonard it may be said that he is fine and gentle but that he is also straight. He is a churchman, yet he belongs to all of us. We who are non-conformists rejoice to think that to whatever orders he would will upon us, we should delight to conform, so deep and constant is his graciousness."

This deep conviction combined with a breadth of view that amounted to genuine liberality is all owing to a very precious trait of Bishop Leonard's character, namely, sympathy. He was gifted with an innate tact and intuition which made him feel with all who were brought into contact with him. Thousands have experienced this sympathy and have been helped by it; in affliction, in doubt. in reverses, in disappointments, the Bishop's sympathy was reached out for, and he never failed. A letter from one of his clergy says: "I can never express the debt I owe to you. You remember what a difficult time I had in finding myself, and on the very days when I needed a bit of advice and a bit of help more than I have ever needed them in my life, you had time to talk to me and had me as your guest for dinner. It was

your interest and the kindliness of Mrs. Leonard that brought me through; and as my ministry grows richer in deep satisfactions, I grow more conscious of what I owe to you." With the problems and trials of his priests he was always in sympathy, and his supporting hand has helped many of them over rough and trying places.

Bishop Leonard's personality was striking and charming; the first trait that one thinks of is his dignity. The seriousness and nobility of his bearing set the keynote in every gathering of which he was a part. The doings in the little parish church or mission were quite transformed by his presence there; things seemed to take on a new weight and importance. This dignity was impregnable to attempted slight or insult. Said one to him, "It is a shame, Bishop Leonard, that that outrageous man should have insulted you." "My dear fellow," replied the Bishop, "No one can insult me." And it was true. But this dignity was never overdone or in the least degree conscious. He is said to have scandalized a group of English Bishops at a Pan-Anglican Conference by saying that he thought that the Church of England was dying of dignity. He of course meant that a readiness and an ability to unbend, to mix on easy terms with people of all classes and conditions, was an essential element in the Church's work.

His own dignity was tempered and softened by a rare geniality. When he talked, his fine face was overspread with smiles, his eyes sparkled, and he seemed to reach out for the fellow-feeling and affection of all who were gathered around him. In social gatherings he was the center of things, and where he was everything moved along pleasantly and well. No one was overlooked, no one was forgotten. His musical voice was heard everywhere in warm greeting, in sympathetic questions about the absent ones, and in kindly banter. This geniality put everyone at ease, high and low, rich and poor. He was equally at home and equally welcome at the table of the farmer neighbor in his log house, and at the richly decorated board of the great statesman or financier. The chauffeur and the gardener felt as much at ease with him as did the magnate or ruler in the city.

In this connection one might mention the Bishop's love of animals. A boisterous canary bird made music in his dining room and was carried back and forth from one home to the other in all the migrations; so was a pair of love-birds which inhabited a gorgeous cage. These pets he would frequently visit and chat with in affectionate terms. More notable perhaps was his love of dogs; he always kept a magnificent collie and this

dignified and aristocratic dog was a real member of the family. During dinner he would enter the dining room, slowly waving his splendid tail, and would walk around the table, presenting his head to each guest for a pat and a word of greeting. Then he would seat himself near the Bishop's chair; the Bishop would ostentatiously search his plate for a fine morsel, talking to "Laddie" meanwhile, and after the morsel was handed over and delicately consumed the dog would depart from the dining room with as much dignity as he had entered it. He never barked at approaching guests, but he always came bounding out to greet them and give them a joyous welcome. Of an evening, however, when at Kokosing he would seat himself on the brow of the hill just in front of the veranda and break forth into deep baying. "Laddie is speaking to his friend across the valley," the Bishop would say; and presently we would hear the reverberating boom of a distant reply from the opposite hills. The fine dog seemed never to transgress the canons of good taste and good manners; he was always friendly, never obtrusive, and visitors were generally sure that he knew and recognized them. The Bishop used to say that he never could accept a belief which would bar him from the prospect of meeting his devoted dog friends in the other world.

And it was not only his own high-born pets that he noticed and loved. Alighting from a car in front of a country church he observed a big yellow mongrel standing there. The Bishop advanced, speaking to the dog and petting him, saying, "Well, here's a friendly dog to bid me welcome." When he came out after the service the dog was still lingering about, and the Bishop at once went up to him, patted his head and said, "Did you wait here to speak to me again? You're a good dog."

When Bishop Webb asked him once for his recipe for preserving youth, Bishop Leonard said, "Get a dog. Taking him out for walks will at least give you needed exercise."

The reading of Bishop Leonard's will revealed the fact that he had collected a somewhat extensive library of books on dogs; he left the collection intact to a clergyman of his diocese who shared his interest.

The Bishop was abstemious in his habits. Those who were guests at his generously provided board often noticed that he ate little himself, and that he sometimes partook of plainer food than he provided for his visitors. At times a bowl of bread and milk made his meal. In his later years he gave up the very moderate smoking in which he had indulged earlier in life. "Men are giving

up smoking nowadays," he observed, "it has become such an effeminate habit."

The Bishop's conversation was informed with pervasive humor, and his stock of good stories was inexhaustible; his wide experience with the world, his extensive contacts with men of prominence and power, gave him a rich conversational background. Everybody liked to get a chance to talk with him; an invitation to lunch or dine with him was never declined, if any possible way could be found of twisting engagements around so as to accept it. And those who were favored with invitations to become house guests for a few days can never forget the charm of those hours in his company. Sitting on the rose-bowered veranda at Kokosing, he would talk interestingly far into the night, discovering all at once that he was staying up long past his accustomed retiring time. "Why Anna," he exclaimed, "why didn't you come out and tell me to go to bed?" "Well, sir," replied the maid, "I thought you were having a good time and that you had better not be disturbed."

Who can forget the personal appearance of our dear Bishop! His sturdy figure, somewhat below medium height, always impressed people as being large and commanding, so fine were its proportions, so great was the dignity and ease of his

carriage. His dress displayed exquisite refinement in every detail; he never leaned in the slightest degree toward the secular in this matter. His habit was always of black and he always wore the silk "apron" of an English bishop; the braided ornaments of a bishop's coat were also to be seen. He generally wore the low crowned, broad brimmed, clerical hat, ornamented with the cords and rosette of a bishop. His features indicated force and refinement; his gray eyes looked straight into your face with serious gaze, and yet they were constantly lighted with a sparkle of animation and humor. Smiles passed over his face like the flashes of sunlight on an April day. His whole bearing impressed one with genuine humanity, with an interest in people and a love of them. His voice was sonorous and musical, and was characterized by peculiarly touching and winning inflections.

What a prince he was among men! Those who knew him and who were honored with his friendship feel that they shall never see his like again: the type has passed—the old-fashioned gentleman, the prelate of the old school. Said a western bishop some years ago, in speaking of the decline in authority and influence of the bishops of the American Church: "Bishop Leonard is the exception; his clergy and people listen to him; his dio-

cese is shaped in accordance with his own ideals; he can put through his convention whatever his judgment and heart have approved, but he belongs to another generation—he is of the type of Coxe, Doane, Potter and Williams."

We of Ohio are bowed in sorrow by his passing; but we feel that it is a joy to have known and to have worked with such a man. His long Episcopate was an unmeasured blessing to his diocese and to the great circle of people who came under his influence. They all love him and revere his memory, and that is largely because they all experienced and knew that welling affection which he had for his friends, for his people, and for the whole world. Love was the crowning characteristic and trait in the makeup of this great man.

"It is not strange you held our hearts in thrall,
How otherwise
Could it have been?
Love's light filled full your eyes;
Love sang her sweetest, at your beck and call;
Love was your life."